The Outlook

Volume 141 October 7, 1925 Number 6

In the Day's Work

ONCE more the newspapers are writing headlines over an unhappy naval event. The Service is mourning the loss of 32 officers and men lost in the submarine S-51 off Block Island. She was cut down at night by the City of Rome, and only three men were saved. The salvage vessels are, as we write, still hovering over the spot where the S-51 sank, in the forlorn hope that when its hull is raised to the surface there may be some survivors who escaped drowning or suffocation by chlorine gas.

The menace of such a tragedy is part of the day's work in the Naval Service. The Navy cannot train in peace for the risks of war without subjecting its personnel to many war-time risks. The officers and men of the S-51 did not throw their lives away; they sacrificed them that the Navy might be instantaneously ready for any emergency that might arise.

The bodies of these men belong in Arlington, beside their brothers of the air who lost their lives in the Shenandoah.

Home Again

ACROSS the continent from the wreck of the S-51 the reception of the crew of the PN-9 No. 1 showed that sometimes apparent tragedies have a happy ending. San Francisco spread itself in its thousands over the heights along the bay to see the fliers start on their great flight less than a month ago, and it was San Francisco that turned out in its thousands to see their return. Our correspondent on the Pacific coast, Mr. Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, sends us an account of this great welcome:

> Conscious that she was expressing not only her own joy and admiration but also that of the entire Nation, San Francisco gave Commander Rodgers and his men a welcome that was a fitting tribute to the real greatness of their exploit. An escort from all three branches of the Service was drawn up to meet them. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Douglas Robinson, was there, Admiral Dayton, and many others.
>
> San Francisco has seen a great many celebrations during the past few weeks, but during the time the comparatively short procession was passing up Market Street, towards the Civic Center, vast crowds flocked from the business district and lined the way. The day was one long round of celebrations: the review at the Civic Center, the luncheon at the Commonwealth Club, the meeting in the afternoon when the five men were entertained by a thousand San Franciscan women, the whole being brought to a close by a civic banquet in the evening. It was particularly interesting at this banquet to notice the one sailorman of the crew, the machinist, W. H. Bowlin, in his traditional middy blouse and flabby pants, sitting beside Admiral Dayton. His frank, boyish speech was one of the successes of the evening.
>
> Commander Rodgers's speech will have been circulated throughout the country, but to those who heard it there was something peculiarly satisfying in its simplicity and its directness. Supplemented as it was by speeches from others of the crew—speeches for the most part clearly first efforts in public speaking, but for that very reason all the more delightful—it gave a vivid picture of the nine days' struggle and proved once again clearly enough that the truth is stranger than fiction. No sea story that Kingston or Marryat or Henty ever wrote could exceed the melodrama of some of the fliers' experiences. There was something peculiarly piquant in seeing this slow-spoken Marylander, Commander Rodgers, with his firm set mouth, his sandy hair, and his "poker face," reeling off a story which would have filled the author of "Midshipman Easy" with envy. Literally millions of people must have been listening in and holding their breath as he told the story of the famous nine days.

What happiness there would be if later we could record the fact that the crew of the S-51 received a similar triumphant welcome in New York!

Investigating the Army's Wings

WHATEVER faults there may be in the military and naval aviation of the United States, they are likely to be unearthed before the President's Air

Wide World Photos

Salvage vessels hovering over the submerged hull of the S-51. She lies in 127 feet of water; her position was first located by an airplane

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Board finishes its investigation. In the meantime it would be well for the public to hold its judgment in reserve. Both the Army Air Service and the Naval Air Service have fine records to their credit. All is not quite so gloomy as some of their critics seem to believe.

The Acting Secretary of War, Mr. Dwight F. Davis, in his testimony expressed his belief in the "skill, hardihood, and bravery" of the Air Service personnel and pointed to the "extraordinarily large percentage of world records in aviation" which the Army Air Service holds. He believes that among its various missions "the war mission must always govern." He points out that if the air defenses of the country are inadequate the responsibility rests with Congress.

Certain quotations from the testimony before the Air Board indicate certain points of view which the public, affected by criticisms of the Air Service in both the Army and the Navy, have been likely to overlook.

General Hines, Chief of Staff, said, for example:

> It is evident that, in all operations involving the employment of combined arms, there must be one directing head, and that directing head must be the commander-in-chief of the field forces. He alone can organize the forces with the general plan of combat in all of its aspects in mind. . . .
>
> An air service is an essential element of an army and a navy. In major operations these forces cannot operate efficiently without their own air services. On the other hand, an air service operating separately is unable to strike such a blow as will win a decisive battle. . . .
>
> Aside from the necessity of cooperative action on the battlefield, there must be co-ordination in the handling and operating of all ground installations. This can be secured only through unity of command.

General Patrick, who advocates the great expansion of the Air Service, would have a separate air corps in the Army and a separate air corps also in the Navy, each similar to the Marine Corps in the Navy Department.

The Navy's Aircraft

LIKE the high authorities in the Army, those in the Navy were against any plan which would tend to divide authority and loyalty within the Service.

The Secretary of the Navy, using words similar to those of General Hines, declared:

> Airplanes cannot win a battle alone, but need the closest assistance of the whole fleet. . . .
>
> A separate air corps would not be analogous in any respect whatever to the present Marine Corps. . . . The Marine Corps or Marines form no vital component part of a naval battle. . . . If all the Marines were removed from ships in a naval battle, the naval battle itself would be in no way affected. The air forces, on the contrary, in the naval battle of tomorrow form a vital element or a component part of that battle. . . . The air force, therefore, is an integral part of the very fabric of the Navy itself. . . . The argument advanced by so many young, inexperienced naval aviators that they desire a separate air corps analogous to the Marine Corps is based on an utter fallacy and complete misunderstanding.

Similarly Admiral Eberle said:

> The invention of new implements of warfare has always been followed by fantastic claims and unnecessary impatience on the part of some enthusiasts. . . . First and foremost, a naval aviator must be a seaman to be able to judge conditions of wind and weather at sea, to pick up and distinguish vessels at sea; and, should his plane be forced down, to be able to handle her when she becomes a surface boat. He must be a good navigator. He must have a knowledge of battle tactics and fleet formations; and also a knowledge of all units that make up a naval force—this being most essential to enable him to give correct information to the commander-in-chief regarding the dispositions of the enemy's force. He must also have a knowledge of gunnery in order that he may give an accurate report of "spots;" that is, to make the proper corrections for range and lateral error, and be able to distinguish splashing of various calibers.

Later testimony brought out the desire of aviation officers for more rapid promotion within the Service. Of course this is partly the desire of men for personal advancement, but it is also the desire to see men with experience as aviators in positions of authority over the Army air pilots. Some of the difficulties of which Army fliers complained will correct themselves in time; but there is undoubtedly ground for some dissatisfaction with present conditions. It is important that the Air Board should find a remedy that is not worse than the disease.

"A Tempest in a Teapot"

OUR Government is not likely to try to prevent American citizens from serving as airmen against the Riff tribesmen. Quite properly, it has called the attention of all Americans in Morocco to Federal statutes which might affect their status. This mild suggestion by our State Department has started newspaper comment which is described by a Washington correspondent of The Outlook as a tempest in a teapot.

There is a statute that provides a penalty for Americans who within American jurisdiction enlist in foreign armies or induce others to enlist. That statute evidently does not apply in this case. Another statute, however, our correspondent tells us, specifically gives to American diplomatic representatives in countries where the United States has extra-territorial jurisdiction power to do certain things to prevent Americans in such territories from serving in foreign armies. Conceivably, this may apply to our airmen in the Riff, and in that case the penalties of the other statute may apply. Having been asked, in effect, by some citizen whether laws did not exist to prevent Americans from soldiering about the world in any old army, fighting in any old cause, the State Department looked up the law and gave the information to all concerned.

Another question is as to what extent, if at all, the air men have surrendered their inherent rights to diplomatic protection by serving with a foreign army. It may be that they have done this, although they are reported as saying that they have signed no enlistment papers, taken no oath of allegiance, and are free to leave the service of the Sultan of Morocco (in which they are technically engaged) whenever they choose.

The incident has aroused adverse comment on what is assumed to be the reprehensible conduct of our airmen in aiding, as is said, two big nations to crush a small people striving for independence. This idea is based on ignorance of the facts. The aggression is on the part of the tribesmen, and their forays outside their own territory have made it necessary to protect Spanish and French protectorates over Moroccan territory from ravage and conquest. It is just as praiseworthy to aid a free people in the suppression of aggressive barbarism as it was for Byron to aid the Greeks in their struggle for freedom. Our airmen of the

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The babbling gossip of the air cry out

(Twelfth Night, Act I, Scene 5)

O. P. Williams in the Chicago Herald and Examiner

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Now do a thorough job

From H. Fornof, Chicago, Ill.

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

"And stay out!"

From I. M. Horn, South Pasadena, Cal.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; copyright, 1925, by the Chicago Tribune

Biased observers

From Otis B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Knott in the Dallas News

The Colonel pleads guilty

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old Lafayette Escadrille have, moreover, old associations of military service for France, and in no sense throw away American allegiance in aiding their former comrades under attack.

Uncle Sam Requests

"You don't have to put on the street address when you write me. Our family has lived in this town for fifty years. The postman knows where we live."

There are many individuals and business concerns too who seem to take this attitude towards the addressing of their mail. It is an attitude which causes no little trouble for the Post Office. In cities of any size there are several postal delivery districts. The mail has to be divided into carriers' routes. The chances are that the clerks who distribute the mail are not as familiar with the names on the various routes as the carriers who go from door to door. Then, too, carriers get sick, and inadequate addresses mean all sorts of trouble for their substitutes.

In big business buildings with thousands of inhabitants it is as important to give the room and floor number as it is to give the street address.

If you want to win the gratitude of the Post Office, see that your correspondents address you at a definite street number wherever that is possible. If you use a lock box, see that its number is printed on your stationery. If you live in an apartment-house, state the street number and the suite number.

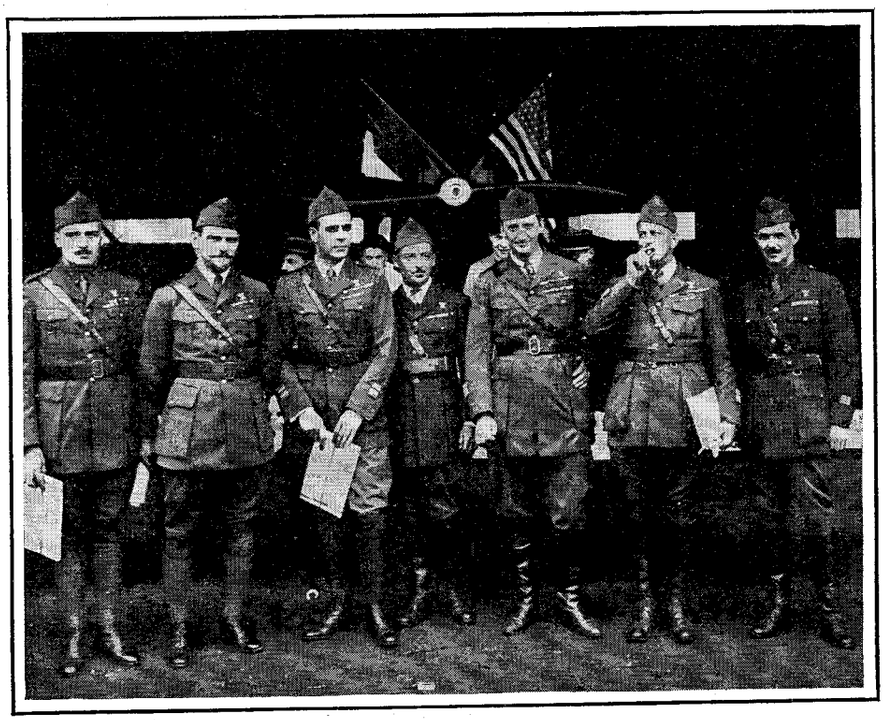
Complying with these reasonable requests of the Post Office means that you will get your mail more promptly and efficiently and will save Uncle Sam a great deal of wasted time.

Radio Looks Back and Forward

An interesting event in the history of communication recently took place in the ether over Manhattan Island. At the annual dinner of the Old-Time Telegraphers and Historical Association, held on board the liner Olympic, a phonograph record of a telegraph message sent by Thomas A. Edison was "played" as a feature of the evening. This disk was made several years ago as a matter of historical record. The microphone of the municipal station, WNYC, was placed in the banquet *salon,* and it picked up the dots and dashes of the Morse code as formed by the hand of Edison, the most famous of old-time telegraphers.

As far as most radio auditors were concerned, these metallic clicks of the telegraph instrument might have been mistaken for static. But to the eight hundred old-time knights of the telegraph key present at the banquet the dots and dashes had a distinct meaning.

It was radio that released the message from the limitations of the wire lines and the confines of a phonograph record by broadcasting the clicks in every direction at the speed of sunlight, 186,000 miles a second.



These men are flying for France

Audible Pictures

While this historical record of the past was producing a curious sound in hundreds of loudspeakers, another event, casting a glimpse into the future, was being radiated from the aerial wires of WJZ. The 455-meter ethereal channel assigned to WJZ also vibrated with a series of dots and dashes, but they were accompanied through space by a whistle-like tone. It was a strange sound for broadcast listeners to pick up, and the average fan who missed the announcer's introduction could not have been blamed if he had thought a wire in the receiver had suddenly snapped, or something else had happened to blot out all music. But to engineers these peculiar signs meant that a picture was passing through the air on the 455-meter wave-length.

There was only one receiver in New York that could make an intelligent translation of these clicks. Slowly a cylinder of Captain R. H. Ranger's photo-radio apparatus turned on its axis at the Grand Central Palace, several blocks away from the broadcaster, and within twenty-five minutes the electrical impulses had sketched a picture of General J. G. Harbord. It was the first time a photograph was released into space by a regular broadcasting station. Previously, photographs sent by radio from Europe and Honolulu were transmitted on the 15,000-meter wave-length, far out of tuning range of broadcast receivers.

The transmitting equipment consisted of a transparent cylinder upon which the film of the photograph was placed. This cylinder revolved at a uniform speed. Light passing through the film entered a glass tube filled with argon gas. This tube is not unlike the human eye. Its back is coated with potassium hydride, which is so sensitive to light that it starts a flow of electrons, which are made to pass to a tungsten disk in the center of the tube. This produces electrical impulses which sound somewhat like the dots and dashes of the telegraph or wireless code. They represent the shadows and high lights of the picture.

These dots and dashes are broadcast and are detected by a special receiving apparatus, the operating speed of which is synchronized with the speed of the

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sending instrument. By an ingenious system, these signals, ranging from one-two-hundredth to one-quarter of an inch long and one-hundredth of an inch high, appear in ink on a sheet of paper in exactly the same position as the light and dark areas on the original picture. In this way the photograph or illustration is reproduced, in a manner similar to that employed in making photo-engravings.

There was a new significance to experienced radio men who listened to the mysterious and seemingly meaningless characters carrying the photograph through the air on WJZ's invisible channel. These men will never forget how suddenly broadcasting dawned five years ago. Many of them had heard indistinct mutterings and discordant musical notes, but few took these strange sounds as an indication of the beginning of a revolutionary change in wireless. They found these noises, as they were called, mixed with the dots and dashes of commercial and amateur stations, and they cursed them because they caused interference, just as broadcast listeners the other night might have considered the "noise" of the radio picture radiated by WJZ.

But now the old-timers have learned a lesson. They know strange signals in the ether are likely to be highly significant of something radically new. This time the "noises" not only may be the forerunner of photographs flashed through the walls of homes throughout the world, but, it is believed, radio motion pictures and television!

These marvelous features of the ether may be perfected overnight, just as is radio telephony. The fundamental principles are known to radio research engineers. As C. Francis Jenkins, the radio-movie experimenter of Washington, recently explained, only the details are left to be worked out, and he predicts that within five years practically every household may have an attachment to the radio set in the form of a miniature motion-picture screen on which the Hertzian waves will paint with light beams the scenes of distant cities and events of international interest.

More than the Uncle of "Mr. A."

IN newspaper headlines the death of Pratab Singh seems of interest only as it recalls the notorious blackmail case

International

The Maharajah Sir Pratab Singh, of Jammu and Kashmir

in which his nephew and presumptive heir, Hari Singh (the "Mr. A" of the case), was the victim. The tenderness with which the personality of Hari Singh was protected from publicity by the Court was ascribed to fear lest disclosure of the heir's breach of caste rather than his breach of morals should rouse violent aversion to his succession. It is now believed that he will succeed his uncle, although the late Maharajah was deeply shocked by the scandal. Probably respect and regard for the uncle rather than for the nephew was at the back of the British reticence—which, as a matter of fact, insured silence only for a few days and doubled the *réclame* of the scandal.

His Highness Sir Pratab Singh, Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, was a firm friend of the British as overrulers of his realm and of all the many other "native states," big and little. In his youth he knew and admired General Roberts (Kipling's "Bobs"). He gave half a million dollars to help pay for India's memorial to Queen Victoria. In the Great War he not only kept his people true to British faith, but sent a little army of his own to the front (some 10,000 men, we believe), accompanied them in person, and paid his troops out of his own pocket. If anything were lacking to make Sir Pratab Singh popular with Englishmen, it would be found in the fact that he loved the game of cricket and that he highly valued the medal he once gained for saving the life of an Englishwoman.

The British *raj* will be lucky if the new Maharajah is half as good a sport or half as loyal to his overlords as was the dead prince who in his own Oriental way for forty years preserved peace and advanced the welfare of a semi-independent kingdom of 85,000 square miles and a population of about 3,500,000.

There is romance yet in Kashmir.

Remembering Milton at Vallombrosa

IT is safe to say that the average school-trained English-speaking person who hears the word Vallombrosa spoken thinks immediately of Milton and his famous lines about the autumn leaves. Certainly no traveler in Florence will escape hearing them quoted. The fact that Milton was actually in Tuscany, that he visited and talked long with the imprisoned Galileo, and that his works are filled with allusions to that happy time is well fixed in the Italian mind.

There are no people like the Italians for recording in tangible form their own great men or those famous strangers who, under these skies, lived, worked or died. Several English poets who loved this country and made it a home, whether temporary or otherwise, are remembered by suitable tablets or monuments, and in many a city one comes across inscriptions to Shelley, Keats, Byron, the Brownings, and others to whom Italy was an inspiration and a joy.

But for some reason, one does not know why, there has been nothing to recall the visit of Milton until now. This year, however, joint Italian and English committees took the matter in charge, and recently there was a most interesting ceremony at Vallombrosa, where a tablet was set in the wall of the building in which the poet was lodged when he came there to visit the monks in 1638.

Vallombrosa is a very beautiful spot, with its deep forests of pine and other trees. The climate is ideal in summer, for it is over three thousand feet above sea-level, and it is now a favorite resort during the hot months, while in the winter, when the snow lies deep, people come for the sports. In Milton's time it was, of course, very solitary; a few peasants or charcoal-burners possibly lived there, and no one else but the monks, who,

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under the guidance of the pious San Giovanni Gualberto, had retired from the world and founded a monastery. But it was the very place for a poet, and one can imagine what visions of solemn forest aisles or green meadows came to Milton's memory in after years when feeble and blind and poor in troubled days in England.

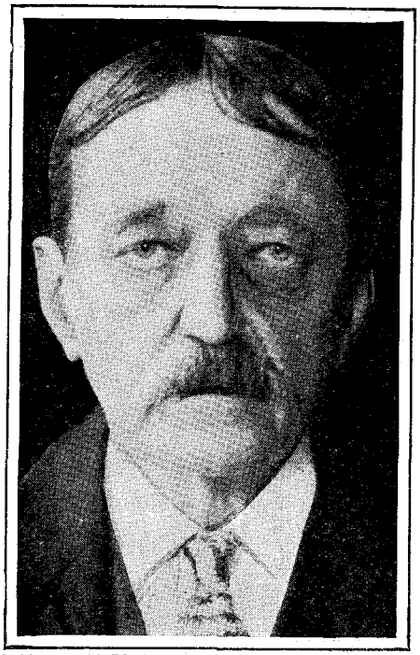
The recent ceremony took place in the green inclosure in front of the building called "Il Paradisino," part of the ancient monastery. The King sent a representative, the Duke of Pistoia (son of the Duke d'Aosta), while the British Government, in the unavoidable absence of its Ambassador in England, was represented by the head of the British press in Rome.

The tablet is the work of Hendrik Andersen, an American sculptor of Norwegian descent, who has lived long in Rome, but was formerly at home in Boston and New York. Below the bas-relief showing the head of the poet is the inscription, written by Signor Ugo Ojetti, a distinguished scholar and orator, who was the principal speaker on this occasion. Its English version is as follows:

"In 1638, here dwelt the great English poet, John Milton, a student of our classics, devoted to our culture, a lover of this forest and of this sky. 30 August, MCMXXV."

Our Ambassador to Japan

THE President's appointment of Mr. Charles MacVeagh to be Mr. Bancroft's successor as American Ambassador to Japan is a recess appointment. When the Senate meets, it is not likely to arouse serious opposition, for Mr. MacVeagh has the respect of the best business and political advisers of the Administration.



Wide World Photos

Charles VacVeagh
United States Ambassador to Japan

Yet he is neither a business man nor a politician. He is a lawyer of high attainments whose work has brought him into contact with wide-spreading affairs of commerce and finance. When his father, Wayne MacVeagh, was made United States Minister to Turkey by President Grant, that post was his first National office. Later Wayne MacVeagh had large political experience, became a Cabinet Secretary, and later Ambassador to Italy, but, as with his son, his first National appointment was of a diplomatic character. Both came to diplomacy with the best kind of legal training and a large knowledge of world conditions. The present appointee is a co-member in a great law firm with the recent Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

In a sense this is a political appointment, but that does not mean a political trade or political favoritism. We have not yet reached the point where the great Ambassadorships are always awarded to men of long diplomatic experience. Where ability is unquestioned, the section or State of the appointee and the preservation of a balance of preferment as between sections still exercise influence. In this case no doubt a candidate from New York, and backed by Senator Wadsworth, helps that political balance.

One special reason which, it is said by some, might have indicated the selection of a diplomat of experience for appointment to Japan lies in the fact that the Japanese Government and people bestow an extraordinary degree of respect and courtesy upon the American Ambassador. This is in reality a tribute to the American people and Government, but men unaccustomed to diplomatic life might easily have their heads turned by a short sojourn in the Tokyo Embassy. In this case there seems to be little danger in that direction.

"The Great Pearl Burial"

THE mound-tomb in Ohio, near the town of Bainbridge, which has just yielded such picturesque and puzzling treasure to excavators representing the Ohio Archæological and Historical Museum, is only one of hundreds of similar tumuli, some as large, many much smaller. Most of these mounds are found along the valleys of the Missis-

International

The Ohio mound in which "the great Pearl Burial" took place

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sippi and Ohio Rivers, although a few are scattered at distant points. Probably they were built from three to five thousand years ago.

The skeletons found in the mounds do not differ essentially from those of the Indians who were in North America when the white man arrived. But some things found in the mounds do not correspond with the culture or customs of our red man.

In the mound at Bainbridge, for instance, were half-helmets of beaten copper, strings of pearls (the news accounts say that some were as large as hickory nuts), fragments and prints from woven cloth, tortoise-shell ornaments with carvings of birds, and something which it is thought may be a musical instrument. Evidently the four skeletons in this mound were those of people of consequence and in a way rich and honored. The number of pearls was so great that the place has been called "the great pearl burial."

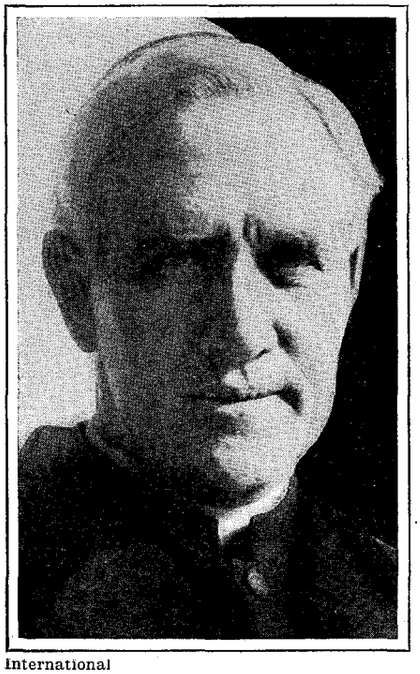
Who were the mound builders? No doubt the Ohio discoveries will cause a revival of an old and sharply contested debate on this question. One school of archæologists believes that the mound men were racially the direct ancestors of the American Indian we know, and that mound interment, pearl-collecting, and other ways of the mound builders had simply died out. Other students of the problem find that answer too simple and also not capable of explaining known facts. They see analogies between the mound builders, the Incas of Peru, and the Mayas of Yucatan, and ask whether the mound builders may not have been exploring parties from some southern race, sent northward to find such things as copper and pearls. Beyond that supposition rises again the fascinating speculation as to whether the civilization that left temples and carvings and even literature to the south of us may not have had its origin in adventurous parties from India or elsewhere in the Far East, voyaging by degrees through the Polynesian seas and making stations at many islands until there came the great jump from Easter Island (where there are traces of them) to the American coast.

This takes us a long way from Bainbridge, Ohio. The theory of Mayan migration, colonization, and trade in the Mississippi Valley is far from being established. But that the mounds show racial and economic life differing so much from that of the American Indian as to indicate some mighty influence from outside is at least probable.

A Cardinal Pays Tribute to Science

AMONG Catholics as well as among Protestants there is a division between those who fear the results of the discoveries of science and those who welcome them.

Cardinal Hayes, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, has placed himself openly among those who in the name of religion applaud and encourage the searchers for truth by the pathway of science. At the opening of the radio station of the Paulist Fathers in New York City a few days ago he said:



International

Cardinal Hayes

> To-night we offer a tribute of praise and gratitude to our scientists, to those devoted servants of truth who dedicate their lives to the advancement of human knowledge.

He made it plain that this was not merely a tribute to the practitioners of physical science, that, as he said, "has contributed enormously to human comfort and health and life;" it was a tribute to the students of pure science, "real, not false science," which discloses as its ideal "truth, always, everywhere, at any cost."

By implication Cardinal Hayes denied that there was any warfare between science and religion, for he declared that the true scientist realizes, "as the Church teaches, that there can be no vital conflict or contradiction between the truth revealed to man by God in the natural order and that made manifest by him in the supernatural."

In the spirit of these remarks there is little, if anything, that can be reconciled with the spirit of the following. We take verbatim the postscript of a letter written by Mr. P. H. Callahan, regarded in some quarters as the foremost Catholic layman in America, to Father John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University. These are Mr. Callahan's words:

> P.S.—You can imagine how long a teacher would be allowed to remain in a Catholic university or a Catholic school who would teach that man had descended from a lower order of animals. No matter whether he were cleric or lay he would be fired like Shanley, the restaurant man, used to discharge his waiters caught cheating—a good strong kick going out the door and their hat and coat thrown after them—which system Shanley brought from Ireland and used to say was the best plan to retain the morale of his organization.

It would be hard to find a greater contrast than that between this attitude and the attitude expressed in Cardinal Hayes's words, "Truth, always, everywhere, at any cost." Indeed, a British periodical, "The Month," conducted under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers, makes a statement which directly contradicts that of this Catholic layman. It says of the Catholic Church:

> Her belief in the inspiration of God's Word cannot be shaken by scientific discoveries, in making which indeed her members have been among the foremost; nor does she deny well-supported scientific truth—the case of Galileo only illustrates the fact—because it seems opposed to revelation. She has never forbidden the teaching of evolution in her schools, because, employing always Catholic teachers, she knows that no theory of human origins will be taught that contradicts either scientific or revealed truth.

The same line of division runs through all churches that separates the Baptist Fundamentalist from the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

But there is a more fundamental difference than that between those who in the name of religion fear science and those who welcome it. This is the difference between those who regard religion as primarily and essentially a theory, a view, a doctrine, to be received on au-

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thority, and those who regard religion as essentially a life.

There are both Catholics and Protestants who regard religion as something to be believed on the authority of a Creed or a Church or a Book. Some of these do not fear any conflict between conclusions established by science and the dogmas of their religion because they keep them in separate compartments of their minds. They do not allow their knowledge to heckle their belief. They follow the Fourth Commandment as if it read: "Six days shalt thou think; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, in which thou shalt do no manner of thinking." In the laboratory they can welcome truth without qualms, but at the altar they are ready to accept anything that comes to them from their ecclesiastical superiors. But there are also both Catholics and Protestants who regard religion as a way of living. They recognize that people cannot live without thinking about life; that no one with a mind can keep that mind from considering and weighing theories; but they distinguish between theories about life and the life itself. Father George Tyrrell was a Catholic of this sort. In his "Confidential Letter to a Friend Who is a Professor of Anthropology," which led to his expulsion from the Jesuit order, he set forth very clearly this distinction between his religion, which he called Catholicism, and its dogmas. The scientist had come to Father Tyrrell for counsel because he had felt that the intellectual defense of the Catholic Church had broken down and because he could no longer reconcile his scientific conclusions with the doctrines he had been taught. Should he leave the Church? "Yes," answered Father Tyrrell, "if theological 'intellectualism' be right; if faith mean mental assent to a system of conceptions of the understanding; if Catholicism be primarily a theology or at most a system of practical observances regulated by that theology. No, if Catholicism be primarily a life, and the Church a spiritual organism in whose life we participate, and if theology be but an attempt of that life to formulate and understand itself—an attempt which may fail wholly or in part without affecting the value and reality of the said life."

Here is the issue which is raised anew in these days. It is a mistake to think that the chief differences within the Church are differences of creeds. The difference that counts is that between those who insist that the creed is religion and those who say that the creed is no more religion than botany is a flower.

The New New England

WEST INJY LANE looks at first sight as it has always looked. The apple trees—bearing a good crop this year—still line the road, inside the stone walls. There are a few elms in front of the widely separated farmhouses. The door of Deacon Noyes's barn stands open, and the swallows flash in and out, as they did when the Deacon's grandfather was a boy. But at the corner, at the cross-roads, stands a novel figure. Is that really Constable Pingree, who used to patrol the streets, wearing a policeman's gray helmet and swinging a billy? He has changed his appearance extraordinarily; in fact, he is all dolled up. He has the smart cap of a metropolitan police officer; he stands beside a revolving sign with "Stop" and "Go" on it. From time to time he blows a piercing shriek on a whistle, and holds up the palm of one white-gloved hand, beckoning impatiently with the other hand. Think of it—a traffic cop on West Injy Lane!

His are no mere "gestures," however; nor is his presence an idle imitation of the customs of the cities. This is on the highroad between Boston and Portland, and the motor cars whiz by in endless procession. Yesterday, while Pingree was off duty and a winking green light in a white pillar was supposed to take his place, two women in a Ford tried to charge around the corner in defiance of common sense, and knocked another car into the ditch. The innocent occupants of the other car were, of course, the ones who had to be carried to the hospital.

There are a few other changes along the Lane. There used not to stand, in front of Captain Bannister's house, tables and trays offering green corn, tomatoes, and apples for sale, with signs announcing honey straight from the bee. Down at the corner, on the site of the grocery, young Dave Adams has made the place hideous with his red gasoline pumps, oil tanks, and other gaudy apparatus of a filling station. Farther on, near the old Patmos Bower Road (now Argonne Avenue), there are two greasy-looking shacks for the sale of hot dogs and one devoted to fried clams. All of them are nasty eyesores on a fine old road.

As you enter the town appear more and more signs of the triumph of the automobile. The change is more noticeable than in a city. The few scared pedestrians who are left wear the hunted look which is their usual expression everywhere. How long will it be before we read in the papers that a man has been before court, charged with coming outdoors on foot, and that the judge, remarking that this is a second offense, imposes a fine and ten days' imprisonment? More traffic cops and more "silent policemen" guard the street corners in the old town. Frantic warnings against parking are displayed near the site of the hitching-post where Uncle Jimmy Currier used to anchor his old white horse and buggy. And the street, where Dr. Frothingham's horse used to paw a hollow in the ground, is neatly covered with asphalt and checked off with white lines for the further guidance of motorists. On Elm Street is the former home of Wigglesworth, the plumber, built on his ill-gotten gains in the Egregious Eighties, and in the most atrocious style of Queen Anne architecture—all towers, minarets, and points. Di Palma, the fruit dealer, owns it now, and has turned it into a wayside hotel. "The Homlyke Inn," he calls it, and anything less homelike, this side the Mosque of St. Sophia, cannot be imagined.

But the old Sir William Pepperell—the tavern which dates from 1760—has been restored, in good taste, to a style really Georgian. And the smoothly paved streets, the good country roads, are certainly better than the old lanes of rut and mud-hole. When the filling stations are a little thinned out and less insulting to the eye, when some thousands of the hot-dog shanties are blown up, when there ceases to be Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe every half-mile for the sale of fake antiques and ornaments brought from the cities, when the tea-rooms quit being so very, very quaint and full of whimsy, and when a tunnel is dug underground for those low varlets who still try to walk along the country roads, but get their carcasses in the way of the facile operation of an automobile—when all these things are done the voice of the turtle will be heard again, and the common hound dog will frisk once more in the lanes, where now no dog dare venture unless he is encased in a stale roll and covered with a swipe of mustard.

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Ireland's Divided House

A BLOOD-CLOT is no bigger than the head of a pin, but if it obstructs the brain it brings death. If the Irish question is to-day unsettled, it is because there is still an obstacle to peace, trivial in dimensions and local in intrinsic importance, but deadly.

The total population of Ireland is only 4,500,000, or one in 400 of the human race; and yet there are two sovereignties —the Free State to the south and a reduced Ulster to the north; on the map mere territorial fragments, but spiritually the citadels of that fierce rivalry between Catholic and Protestant which for centuries deluged Europe with waves of war.

Between these kingdoms of the soul the boundary is still in dispute. Just as Denmark has had her Schleswig-Holstein, and France her Alsace-Lorraine, and Latin America her Tacna-Arica, so has Ireland her Fermanagh and Tyrone —no more than two out of thirty-eight counties, with a combined population of little over 200,000 persons—and the fate of these counties has affected, not only the rise and fall of British Governments, but the peace of the world itself.

In July, 1914, it was agreed that Southern Ireland should have Home Rule and that Northern Ireland should be allowed the privilege of choosing to remain under the British Parliament. This was the basis of the famous conference at Buckingham Palace, the success of which might have prevented Germany from pushing on to war. What broke up the Round Table and postponed Home Rule was the claim of both sides to Fermanagh and Tyrone.

In December, 1921, after seven costly years of bloodshed and a civil war in Ireland itself, a treaty was signed creating the Free State, but leaving the future of Fermanagh and Tyrone still uncertain. Provisionally, they were included in Northern Ireland, but on condition that a Boundary Commission of Three be appointed—one member by the Free State, a second by Northern Ireland, and a third by Britain—which looked hopeful. But what then happened was that Ulster refused to appoint a delegate to the Commission. In other words, Ulster refused to comply with the arrangement that the British Government had made in consultation with Ulster's leaders.

Faced by this deadlock, Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister took the advice of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London, which body of law lords constitutes the Supreme Court of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The authority of this august tribunal was reinforced for the occasion by the presence of eminent judges from Australia and Canada. The decision of the Judicial Committee was that until Northern Ireland appointed a delegate the Boundary Commission could not be brought into being without fresh legislation. And so important was the matter considered to be that, in October of last year, with a general election pending, Parliament was called into special session and a statute enabling the Government to appoint a delegate for Northern Ireland received the royal assent. Not less significant was the fact that the Chairman of the Commission, who holds the casting vote, has been no less a person than Chief Justice Feetham, of Australia. It means that the entire British Empire, in so far as it is self-governing, has been mobilized as a steam-hammer to crack this nut; and without avail. It is a most admirable illustration of compulsory arbitration defied by one of the parties thereto. And if, as is possible, the Free State appeals to the League of Nations, the sovereignty of the British Empire will be brought into discussion at Geneva.

That Ulster is unreasonable cannot be denied. She declares, however, that she only acquiesced in the Irish Free State on condition that the two counties be included in her province, and she quotes a letter from Lord Birkenhead, when Lord Chancellor, to Earl Balfour, giving assurances to that general effect. With the terms of this letter Stanley Baldwin, then a Die-Hard, certainly would have agreed; and for the Conservative Government, with its Unionist tradition, to employ force against Ulster would undoubtedly alienate many supporters in both houses of Parliament. As Winston Churchill's father, Lord Randolph, said, thirty years ago, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right!" The proposal that Londonderry, now predominantly Catholic, should pass out of Ulster's control, seems to the Protestants who have celebrated so often the famous siege as unthinkable as it would be to Boston to cede Bunker Hill to Britain. And yet Londonderry, Newry, and other towns are hard hit by the Free State tariff wall, cutting them off as it does from their normal markets. If the drama be acted on a small stage, it is none the less intense on that account.

It is surmised, then, first, that Chief Justice Feetham's award is substantially favorable to the Irish Free State, and, secondly, that Northern Ireland will be, to put it mildly, disinclined to surrender the areas thus awarded to her neighbor.

If this happens, it will be asked why the rest of mankind should worry. Suppose that a few Protestants do remain under Roman Catholic rule and a few Roman Catholics under Protestant rule; who seriously suffers? The important problem for Sir James Craig, Prime Minister in the North, is surely the prevailing unemployment in Belfast. And what President Cosgrave has to face is an expenditure by the Free State which far

The Aviators' Rebellion

COLONEL MITCHELL has brought down upon his head the ire of his superiors. His fate will be determined by a court martial.

Colonel Mitchell is not the only man in the Service who believes that the organization of our air defense is upon an intolerable basis.

The Outlook commissioned

Colonel Laurence La Tourette Driggs

to make a first-hand study of the dissatisfaction in the Air Service—to record the thoughts and feelings of the men who have kept out of the headlines and trouble.

Colonel Driggs, in an airplane, reached the personnel in many of the country's most important flying-fields. His dramatic revelations of the state of mind of the Air Service will appear in the next two issues of The Outlook.

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exceeds revenue, and is more than double the utmost that it would have been if Ireland had continued within the United Kingdom. So the outsider would argue.

But Ireland never has been ruled by such logic. The Free State regards the delimitation of the boundary as a test of England's good faith. And if England fails, De Valera and the demobilized Republican irregulars will raise a formidable demand for total independence and a guerrilla war against Belfast.

Megalomania

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

FREUD, the much-discussed psychologist, thinks that extreme self-distrust or, as he calls it, an "inferiority-complex" is one of the most unfortunate of human qualities. It may, it is true, cause an indescribable amount of unhappiness to the individual who suffers from it. But the man who is marked by an "inferiority-complex" is not nearly so unpleasant to society at large as he who is a victim of megalomania, the delusion of grandeur, or, to use a more popular and effective term, "the big-head."

The big-headed man is usually pompous and arrogant, and his boasted self-sufficiency is commonly based upon some great material success. History is full of instances of the misfortunes of megalomania. One of the most amusing is that of Goliath, the Philistine. He was ten feet tall, his coat of mail weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, he was a mass of brass both physically and mentally—in a word, he was "the world's greatest giant." He had a helmet of brass upon his head, greaves of brass upon his legs, a target of brass between his shoulders; the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam and his spear's head weighed eighteen pounds; and he stood up and cried, "I defy the armies of Israel this day;" and David went out and slew him with a pebble from the brook.

But Goliath did one thing—he contributed to the joyousness of the English language. For since his day, thanks to the ironic essays of Matthew Arnold, the word philistine has come to mean "a self-satisfied person who believes that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich and who is unaware of his own lack of culture."

Another who claimed to be "the world's greatest giant" was Polyphemus, the Cyclops. He was rich, powerful, and arrogant, with little respect for the laws of the gods or of men. Unfortunately for him, he was a "wet," so when he captured Odysseus, the great Greek wanderer made him drunk, put out his only eye, and escaped by a clever stratagem which Polyphemus had not brains enough to understand.

Alexander, who regarded himself as "the world's greatest conqueror," and in his vanity sighed because there were no more worlds to conquer, was also, unfortunately for himself, a "wet," and, in spite of his boasted greatness, died miserably, at the early age of thirty-three after a carouse.

George the Third ruined himself, and came near to ruining his country, by his big-headedness. He thought he was "the world's greatest statesman," but the world would not admit it. He could not govern his own country; he lost his American colonies; and he died insane. A distinguished English historian, Gardiner, says of him: "Able to control the disposition of office, he could not control the course of events. His very ministers gave up the struggle as hopeless long before he would acknowledge the true state of the case."

Charles Sumner believed that he was "the world's greatest Senator" and that he ought to be President of the United States; but megalomania frustrated his political ambitions. His confidence in his own views, opinions, and policies was notorious. One day a friend of Grant's came to the White House and, in horror at some liberal theological views which he had just heard Sumner express, exclaimed: "Do you know, Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible!" "Well," replied the laconic Grant, "What could you expect? He didn't write it, did he?"

I am led to these musings on the dangers of megalomania by a controversy—not very important, to be sure, but adding, perhaps, a little to the gayety of current journalism—which I have had with the Chicago "Tribune." A few weeks ago I criticised the "Tribune" for carrying at the head of its editorial columns the boast that it is "the world's greatest newspaper." I criticised both the accuracy and the good taste of this assertion. My criticism evidently annoyed the "Tribune"—which I regret, as I never desire to hurt the feelings of sensitive people—for it now replies with the explanation that I am a lugubrious prohibitionist and envy the "Tribune" because it is gloriously "wet"—a fact in which it takes great pride. Now I did not even know that the "Tribune" was "wet," for I find it, on the few occasions when I see it, rather dry reading. And so I think the lawyers would call its reply incompetent and irrelevant. But I gladly waive all legal technicalities and accept its explanation. It was doubtless in a moment of extreme wetness that it permitted itself to boast of its greatness, for there is nothing like alcohol—especially in the form of a good vintage of Château Mouton Rothschild, or of Clos de Vougeot '68, or of Lanson '04—to produce delusions of grandeur.

Fortunately, American journalism has risen well above the standards of the days of Jefferson Brick. Dickens has burlesqued the Jefferson Brick type of journalism in one of his most famous passages—those who resent justifiable and well-meant criticism will call it one of his most infamous passages. It is a curious twist in human nature that permits some Americans to laugh uproariously at Mrs. Sairy Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff and to redden with anger at Jefferson Brick. Nevertheless I venture to quote the passage.

When Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley set foot for the first time on American soil, they were greeted by a chorus of newsboys:

> "Here's this morning's New York Sewer!" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic locofoco movement yesterday, in which the Whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Alabama dooel with Bowie knives; and all the Political, Commercial and Fashionable news. Here they are! Here's the papers! Here's the papers!" . . .
>
> "It is in such enlightened means," said Colonel Diver, proprietor of the

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Rowdy Journal and employer of that immortal special writer Jefferson Brick, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent." Our newspapers, he added, are "the Palladium of national Liberty at home, sir, and the dread of foreign oppression abroad; the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human Civilization."

If the Chicago "Tribune" does not want a Jefferson Brick thrown at its head, it might adopt as its motto, instead of "the world's greatest newspaper," that wise saying of Solomon which will be found in the Twenty-seventh Chapter of the Book of Proverbs, at the second verse: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

Second-Best Poems: A Proposed Anthology

A London Literary Letter

By C. Lewis Hind

I WILL not attempt to define a "second-best poem." Who could? But I can explain why a small section of the British public—few but faithful to poetry—has suddenly become interested in second-best poems, and has added mightily to my correspondence.

The Poetry Society began it. Under the auspices of this Society, it has become the custom for the president to invite a lover of poetry to enter the pulpit of the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, off the Strand, at 3:15 on a Monday afternoon, and to speak on a poet and recite some of his verses.

Twice had I been honored. I chose as my subjects two men I knew very well during their lifetime—W. E. Henley and Francis Thompson. When I was asked to take the pulpit a third time, I chose as my subject "Second-Best Poems: Contributions Towards an Anthology."

Now I must explain why this thorny subject was pricking in my mind. For to speak of a second-best poem is usually to hurt a poet, and some, not all, of his relations.

At a luncheon party I sat next to a publisher (a woman), and the conversation, after many false scents, started on popular poetry as opposed to great poetry, and some one quoted the lines that have gone round the English-speaking world:

> There was a Knight of Bethlehem
> Whose wealth was tears and sorrows.
> His men-at-arms were little lambs,
> His trumpeters were sparrows.
> His castle was a wooden cross,
> Whereon he hung so high;
> His helmet was a crown of thorns
> Whose crest did reach the sky.

"Who wrote that?" asked the publisher.

I took my note-book, a hand span high, from my pocket, turned the pages, and replied: "The author was Henry Neville Maugham. It's from his 'The Husband of Poverty.'"

"Perhaps you can tell me," the astonished publisher said, "who wrote,

> For the love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind:
> And the heart of the Eternal
> Is most wonderfully kind."

"Yes," I answered, "that's in another of my note-books. It's from a hymn by Faber. It will probably go into my anthology of 'One Hundred Second-Best Poems.'"

"Explain, please," murmured the publisher. She is a woman, I have already said. A male publisher would not talk like that.

"Oh, it's simple enough," I said. "Ever since I was a youth I have carried a note-book with me. On the left side I write an austere diary; on the right I paste verse and prose cuttings that interest and move me. I must have half a hundred such note-books. Hardly any of the poems pasted in them get into anthologies. They are usually heart cries, often by amateurs; the kind of poems that thousands of people cut out from journals, keep, and show to their intimates—poems like 'I have lived and I have loved,' 'God and I in space alone,' 'They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old,' 'The Little Gray Mule,' and 'Lean Hard.' These poems go round the world. Year after year you see inquiries in the lesser literary papers about the correct text of them and the names of the authors."

"I should like to issue a book of your 'One Hundred Second-Best Poems,'" said the publisher.

I smiled, but answered neither Yes nor No. I am not ready for the adventure yet.

I told them all this at the Savoy Chapel; and upon the ledge of the pulpit were my note-books, with pieces of paper stuck in them indicating the second-best poems of my fancy. I read them aloud. Speaking in a church is strange. One never gets used to the absence of applause; but I saw handkerchiefs go to eyes, and afterwards people came to me and said that they knew what I meant by a second-best poem, and might they send me their favorites? "Yes," I answered, "if you will type them, and if you will not expect an immediate answer, or any answer."

That gave me an idea. I wrote an article for the "Daily Chronicle," explaining what I meant by second-best poems, and giving examples, and suggesting, as I had done to the Savoy audience, that readers should send me their favorite second-best poems.

The response to that invitation brought me nearly one hundred letters, and as many of them contained three, four, and six examples and petitions that the anthology should be published soon, I realized that an anthology of "One Hundred Second-Best Poems" might be popular.

The favorite was "Lean Hard," which begins

> Child of my love, lean hard
> And let me feel the pressure of thy care.

There seems to be a doubt as to the author. One correspondent gives it to Frances Havergal, another to an American, Miss Felicia Fisk. Weak and ill, she was in the arms of her maid, who said to her, "Lean hard—hard upon me." Then the poem was written.

Whittier was second favorite, and the poem was always "When o'er my day of life the night is falling."

The range of offerings was wide, even Browning ("Evelyn Hope") and Henley ("Where Forlorn Sunsets") and Mrs. Meynell ("At Night") and Gray's "Elegy," which would have pleased Mrs. Meynell, who urged, in her sweet way, that the "Elegy" is not a first-class poem.

And George Herbert is offered, and Kipling, and—

Well, there the matter stands. Shall I ever have the courage to publish an anthology of "One Hundred Second-Best Poems" and to include some great names in it?

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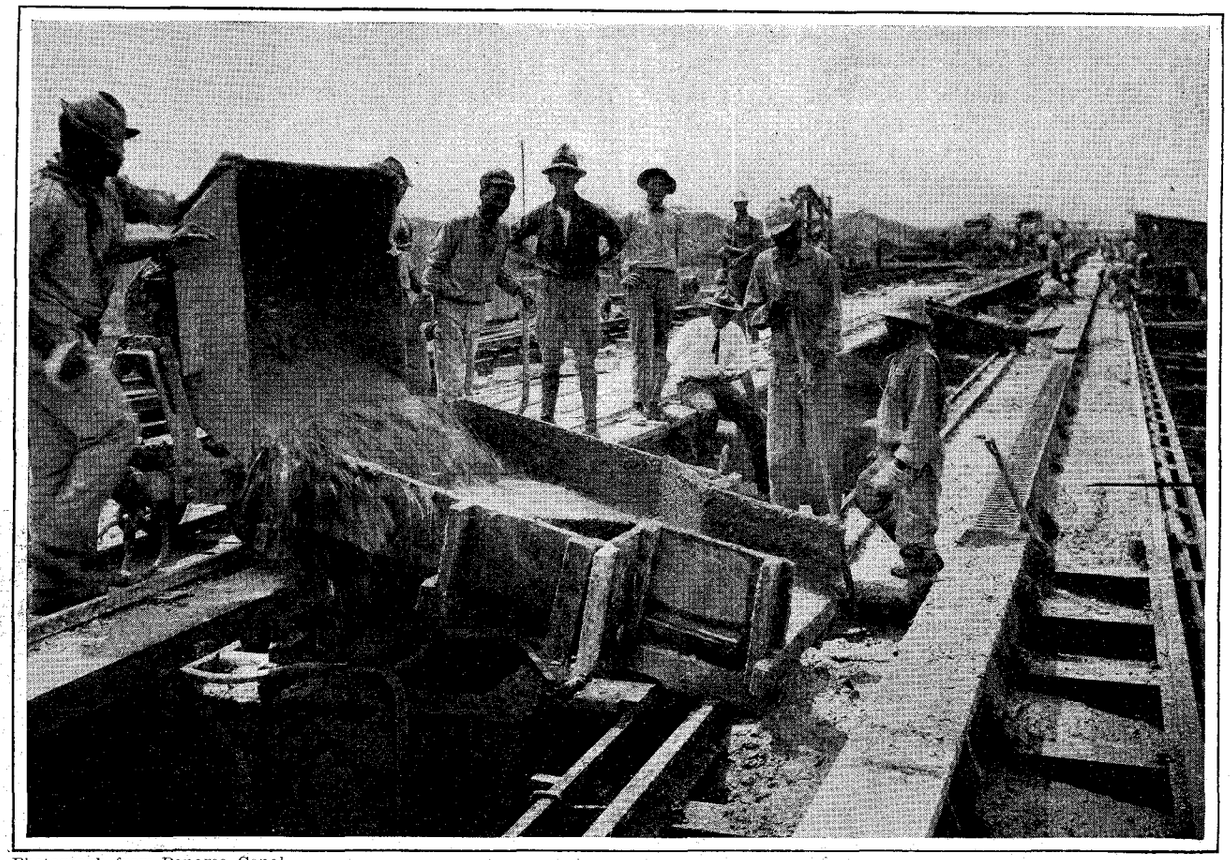

Photograph from Panama Canal

Canal-Building in the Age of Concrete—Miraflores Lock, Panama, 1913

The Amazing Molders of Stone

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

IF Lucan had foreseen Schliemann, he would not have voiced his famous lament that the very ruins of Troy had perished—*etiam periere ruinæ!* Much of Troy remains; much of Greece and Egypt, Rome and Carthage, Nineveh and Tyre. History records only one great nation whose architecture was ill planned to endure, and it is the one in whose midst most of us grew up—the timber-built America of yesterday. Now, at last, we are building for posterity. The material with which we are fashioning the most eloquent memorials of ourselves for the enlightenment of future archæologists is one of which our grandfathers scarcely knew the existence—concrete.

The sudden dawn of the Concrete Age has come so recently that we are still rubbing our astonished eyes over its wonders. The transformations it involves are in rapid progress, and we cannot yet appraise them. It is estimated that more than three hundred thousand concrete mixers are now engaged in remaking the architectural environment of the American people. Of cement, the manufactured ingredient of concrete, over a barrel is used annually in this country for each man, woman, and child of the population.

From Cement Gun Co.

The Cement Gun

invented by Carl Akeley, the well-known sculptor-naturalist, is an ingenious device for coating surfaces with cement mortar. Cement thus placed is called "gunite"

Three circumstances, in particular, explain why concrete, which was a rarity a generation ago, is now ubiquitous. The invention of the rotary kiln, toward the beginning of the present century, followed by the introduction of improved grinding and conveying machinery in cement mills, made Portland cement cheap enough to be within the reach of every builder. The adoption of steel reinforcing vastly multiplied the possibilities of concrete construction. Lastly, the passing of the forests, however calamitous it may have been in some of its other consequences, had the happy effect of forcing builders to abandon timber—the easy prey of decay and fire—in favor of more durable materials, of which concrete was, on the whole, the most inviting. It is an interesting paradox that the scandal of deforestation bids fair to relieve us of another scandal equally notorious—our annual fire loss.

Concrete crowds the landscape. Houses, offices, factories, roads, bridges, dams, canal locks, breakwaters, amphi-

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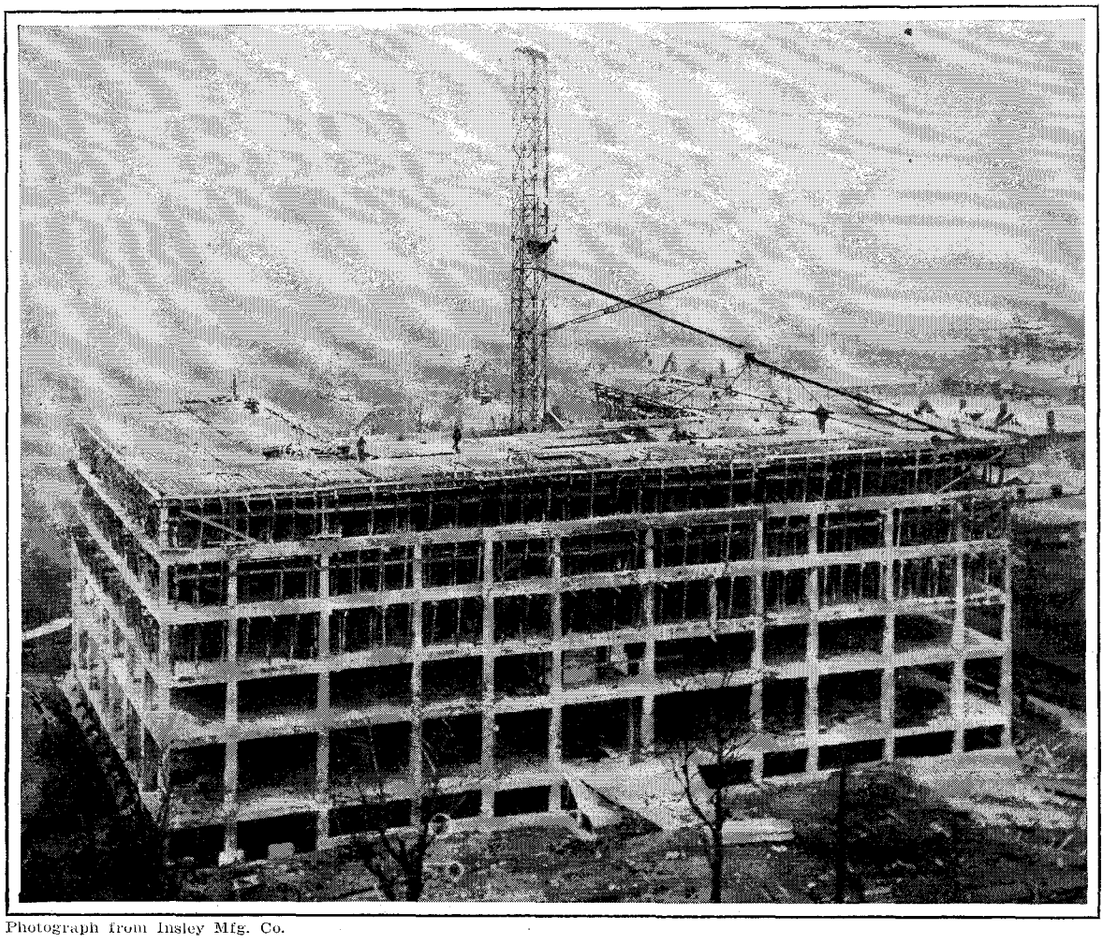
Placing Concrete by Gravity

The steel or wooden tower for hoisting concrete, fresh from the mixer, and chuting or spouting it to the forms has in recent years become a familiar feature of the city sky-line. These towers are often of great height, as the angle of the chutes or spouts must be steep enough to permit the ready flow of the material. As the picture shows, a single hoisting plant can distribute concrete over a wide area



Photograph from Insley Mfg. Co.

Photograph from Lock Joint Pipe Co.

The Manufacture of Concrete Pipe

The versatility of concrete is most fully realized in the manufacture of so-called "concrete products," including a great variety of portable objects, such as building blocks, bricks and tiles, pipe, silo staves, fence posts, pedestals, sun-dials, park and garden seats, and so on through a long list. Pipe is one of the most important items on the list. It is used for sewers, culverts, and water supply. The larger sizes are made of reinforced concrete. Those shown in the picture, though not the biggest made, are 8 feet in diameter, and each section, 4 feet in length, weighs 5¾ tons. Many thousand miles of concrete pipe are used in the Western irrigation systems

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theaters, grain elevators, coal pockets, barns, silos, chimneys, troughs, fence posts, lamp-posts, benches, sun-dials, bird baths, vases, urns, pedestals, lawn rollers, laundry tubs, tombstones—all are made of liquid stone. Enormous oil tanks, dwarfing the biggest tanks of steel, are built of it. Leagues upon leagues of flume molded of it distribute water for irrigation, and great pipes of it ramify far and wide through the earth. Its protean possibilities range from ships to freight cars, from slender flagstaffs to lofty radio towers. What next?

One cannot write placidly of this amazing material; so easily molded in a myriad shapes, so swiftly turning to rock, which grows more and more adamantine with the years. It would be difficult to overrate the blessings conferred upon mankind by a building material that is fire-proof, earthquake-proof, weather-proof, rat-proof, and insect-proof. Nor are its merits wholly utilitarian. Practitioners of the fine arts are turning to concrete with growing enthusiasm. In this country Lorado Taft has been the Benvenuto Cellini of the new art of casting concrete statuary, while his skillful coadjutor, J. J. Earley, has opened up bewitching vistas of artistic creation in the color and texture treatment of concrete surfaces.

The Industrial Crisis in Britain

By P. W. WILSON

A story of what happens to a commercial people when the engine of business slows down

GREAT BRITAIN is to-day uneasy over her economic position. There is no panic, but there is certainly a problem. And the continuance of the trouble has surprised and disappointed the nation. A year ago it seemed as if the country were at last overcoming the aftermath of war and returning to normal. Even after a cut in taxes, the Budget was amply balanced and provision made for the service of the debt to the United States. The Exchequer was preparing for and has since achieved the gold standard. And while exports increased, unemployment declined.

Conditions abroad were more settled. In Europe the Dawes Plan had been accepted. In India the depression that followed the Armistice was over. Egypt is so rich that she is ready to lend to the United States! In Germany the percentage of unemployed, inflated by the occupation of the Ruhr, was rapidly falling. France was actually attracting scores of thousands of immigrants from Italy, Poland, and Belgium. If, then, the prosperity of one country brings prosperity to all countries, there was no reason why Britain should be an exception to the rule.

Under the circumstances, it was only the habitual caution of the people that a year ago led them to recoil from a treaty with Russia which was intended to prepare the way for loans to the Soviet Republic. Nobody wanted an election, and the clear majority given to Prime Minister Baldwin meant that there was desired a four years of respite from such a political disturbance.

Twelve months of so-called "tranquillity" have, however, revealed an industrial change, sudden, swift, and for the worse. Exports have declined. The number of unemployed has mounted to the old figure.

The immediate cause of the depression was simple. The recovery of Europe, desired by England, meant not only a wider market but an intensified competition. It was found that France, Germany, and Belgium could undersell Britain in neutral countries and even in Britain herself, unprotected as she is by tariffs. While somehow Britain has managed to retain and even to increase the proportion of the world's commerce which was hers before the war, and while in terms of money her trade has never been so abundant as it is to-day, the fact remains that, when allowance is made for higher prices, the bulk of commodities exported is less than it was in the year 1913. And, with much improvement in machinery, this means less work for a larger population.

To certain propagandists the remedy, here mentioned in passing, is obvious. Britain, they say, is overcrowded and should practice birth control. It is, perhaps, enough for us to answer that the need is not for more room for mines and furnaces and factories, or for homes, but for more orders at quotations possible to accept. If the engine were running at full speed, there would be ample employment for all now awaiting it.

It was in the iron and coal industries that the slump was most serious. The steel manufacturers blew out their furnaces, dismissed their workers, and are waiting for the storm to blow over. Employing less labor, they avoid labor trouble. But the coal mines, though running at little or no profit and often at a loss, made an attempt to keep going. While many were closed, the industry as a whole has striven to make ends meet. And this meant a showdown on hours and wages. The mine-owners gave notice that agreements with their workers would terminate on July 31, to which ultimatum the miners replied with an absolute negative.

The deadlock was no mere annual bargain between industrial conspirators both of whom know that they can recoup themselves by raising prices to the public. It was the very existence of many mines that was at stake. And, beyond all question, a genuine lockout was threatened. The Government therefore intervened. Prime Minister Baldwin did his utmost to persuade the miners to give way. Not only did he fail, but he made matters worse. In the course of the conversations he seems to have used the argument that the proposed reduction of wages would not apply alone to miners, but would be extended to all industry. And this hint—whatever it was—acted like a spark in tinder. In Britain all the basic trades and many others are organized, which organizations are themselves organized. Latent in the Labor Movement there has been for years what Americans call "One Big Union." And in July the One Big Union showed signs of emerging solid behind the miners. Prime Minister Baldwin surrendered. Let the wage scales continue in the mines, said he, and for nine months the Treasury will stand the losses incurred. A subsidy, amounting at the outset to £10,000,000, was appropriated. Before the guaranty is exhausted it will have cost, according to estimates, no less than £24,000,000 or $120,000,000.

To all parties, except the extreme Socialists, this subvention was repugnant. The relief that it afforded was no more

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than temporary; and if the coal mines, exploiting a natural resource of incalculable value, could not be self-supporting, why should not every industry, when faced by trouble over hours and wages, receive a similar dole? Yet there was nothing to be done save to pay "the Danegeld;" otherwise, as Mr. Churchill pointed out, the lockout, with attendant stoppages, would have cost the Exchequer alone a sum of £60,000,000 in lost revenue.

To Mr. J. M. Keynes the fall in exports, including coal, is simply explained by Britain's bold return to the gold standard, which step he strongly opposed. The rise of 12 per cent in sterling has meant, so he argues, that British exporters receive on foreign orders a remittance which, on the exchange, works out at 12 per cent reduction in prices. Yet they have to pay wages in sterling, which wages, therefore, have risen automatically by the said 12 per cent.

About this reasoning there is a certain temporary truth. *Facilis descensus Averno;* nothing is easier than to promote good trade by running your currency down-hill to the abyss into which vanished the ruble and the mark. And equally certain is it that a restoration of currency is climbing up-hill, with all the sacrifices thereby involved. What has been called "England's cross of gold" is heavier at the moment than Continental paper. But if Britain cannot easily sell some of her products, it must be remembered that by the same reasoning she is able to purchase a large volume of imports, including raw material and food, at an even greater total advantage. In due course, therefore, the balance will revert heavily, so it is argued, to the right side.

But a still graver issue has been challenged. If Labor can compel a Conservative Government to subsidize wages, it is obvious that the capitalist system itself is at stake. The mine-owners declare that things have been brought to this pass by the miners themselves, who forced the industry to accept a seven-hour day, with a prospect of six hours when the industry can stand it—to which periods of work at least half an hour should be added for transit and other duties. It is a fact that the output of the British mines (280 tons per man) is less than one-third the output per man in the United States.

But the men answer that the management of the mines is defective. The number of colliery concerns is 1,500. These concerns pay royalties of various kinds to 4,000 owners of landed rights. Pits are separated from one another which ought to be worked together. Over duplicate ventilation and haulage there is needless overhead expense and valuable coal is withheld as "barrier." In many villages housing has been neglected. Oil is used for safety-lamps where electricity would be more suitable. Where two-thirds of the coal in the United States is cut by machinery, five-sixths of the coal in Britain is still mined by hand. Men have to walk to their work who might be carried by trolley and mechanical propulsion, for trolleys would save the not very kindly use of pit ponies. To put the case in a nutshell, the miners, paid about $15 a week, refuse to make sacrifices of wages until the mine-owners shall have set their house in order. And this is the stipulation to which the Government has been forced to agree.

Hence the appointment of yet another royal commission to reorganize the coal industry. With Sir Herbert Samuel, formerly High Commissioner of Palestine, as Chairman, who in earlier years at the Home Office gained an intimate knowledge of mining, it looks this time like business. Without nationalizing the mines, the state will be asked, probably, to buy out the royalties, so enabling the management to mobilize their attack on the coal in the most effective way. Mines will be consolidated, machinery will be installed, and housing will be provided. So at least it is hoped. Otherwise, there may be a strike that would shake British credit to its foundations. And such a disaster must not happen.

Why Play Tennis?

By VINCENT RICHARDS

In which one of America's foremost players tells of the diverse lures of his favorite game

THERE are thousands of new tennis fans this year. There will be other thousands of beginners next year. It is a happy, virile game for all sorts of men and women.

Tennis is not a mollycoddle game. Neither is it a source of "intellectual" pleasure. And the "nineteenth hole" in golf, generally understood to be some sort of an oasis where golfers may recuperate after a tedious round, has no counterpart in lawn tennis.

Neither is there any place of soft and luxurious comfort to loll away idle moments before or during the match.

Lawn tennis is by no means a lazy man's game. And yet to excel at tennis a person—a champion at least—must have a certain amount of leisure.

"I can't seem to hit my stride to-day," said a well-known tennis player one day recently while we were in an important match.

I learned after the match that he had been spending the whole morning in conference with a group of big men over a deal which would likely lead him to fortune, but which had not been concluded. He had had to leave the conference to meet me in this match.

I had him at my absolute mercy, and yet he was one of our ranking players.

Tennis need not be classed as a "young man's game" any more than it is necessary to follow the fallacy that one is yet "too young for golf."

Of course, creaking joints do not make champions in tennis, but neither do they in golf. Just the same, both games yield joy to thousands of men and women long past the days of youth and whose once young hair has many silver threads.

All sorts of men play tennis, and play it successfully. You may find a top-notcher playing masterful tennis with as much energy as though his life depended on it—and yet he may be playing simply and solely for the love of the game and the thrill it gives him.

You may see another equally adept and equally furious in his smashing play—he may be seeking prestige for business purposes.

And yet another began to play for health's sake, and keeps at it for something like a course in physical culture. He finds real benefit, and keeps at it

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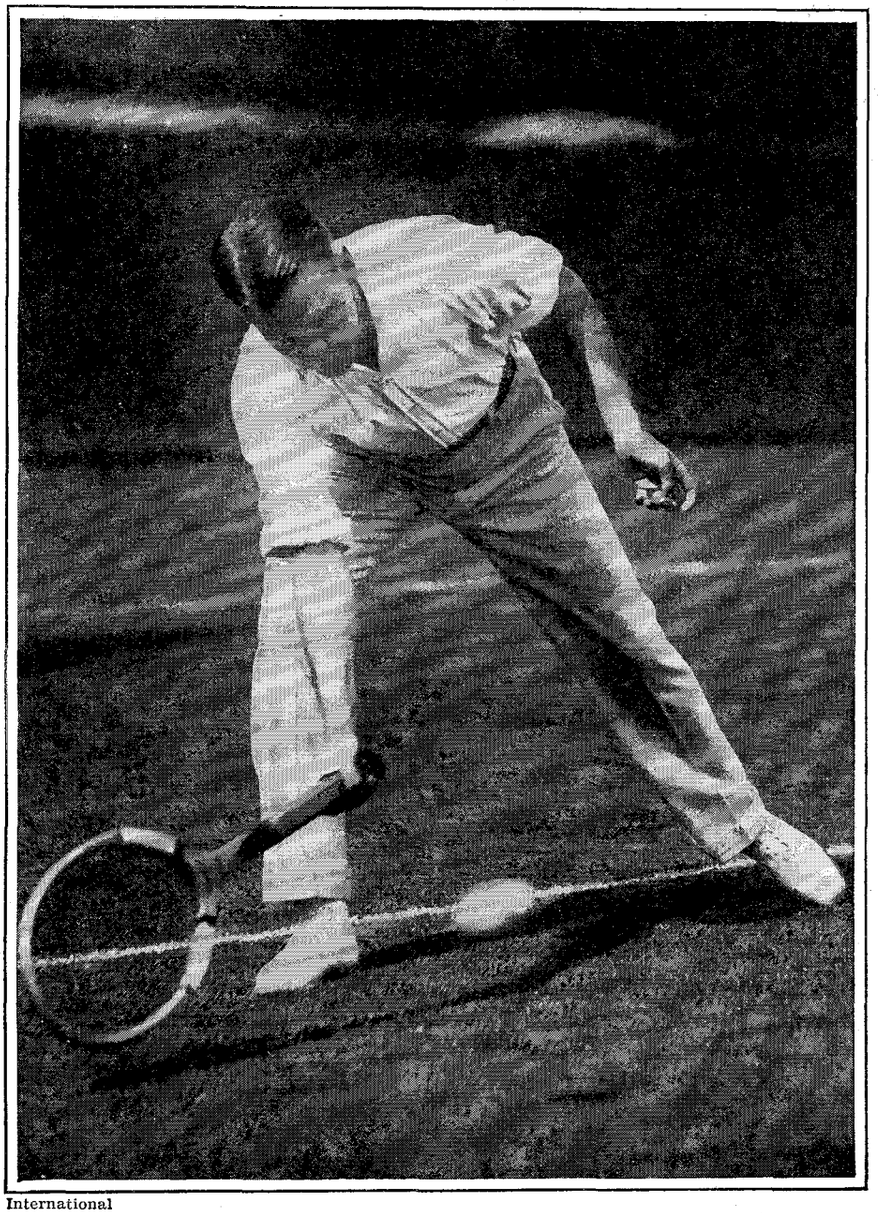

International

Vincent Richards meets a shot that is almost too hot for the camera

much more faithfully than those waning athletes who do their daily dozens to radio waves before catching the bankers' express in the morning.

There are samples of all these kinds of players, and others, among the very first players of the world.

Take René La Coste, the French wonder and winner at Wimbledon. He gave up a life of ease and wealth to become a star in tennis. His only ambition was, and is, to be a top-notcher in his favorite sport.

La Coste's father, director in the great Espana Motor Car Company, had visions of his son reigning as a king of big business. But René had other thoughts. He determined in advance to become a tennis champion. And he has gone about the job of making himself a champion just as any man would go about making a success of any business which he undertook.

With La Coste tennis is business. He loves the play, he craves the stimulant of applause, and he takes his profit in fame and prestige and trophies won as thousands enviously watch.

But all his playing is done on a business basis—that is, he does it carefully, systematically, and thoroughly, as one would operate a grocery store or a factory.

La Coste has been at interminable pains to classify and catalogue the tennis world. He "keeps books" on every player of any consequence in the world. His "Who's Who" of tennis is kept religiously up to date. Beside the names of these players he has written his experiences of play with them. He knows their personal habits, the qualities of their sportsmanship, their manner on the court, their methods of play.

He studies these records, and after every encounter he makes new and further notes, setting down what new ideas his opponent has acquired since the last meeting with him.

His book is a scientific study of every possible opponent, and its value is shown by the success with which La Coste has lately advanced his own play so that it has brought him world renown in sportdom.

There is one amusing spot in this tennis encyclopædia of the French star. He is baffled by "Big Bill" Tilden, America's lanky long-time champion, whose virility and speed seem to improve with age, like bonded goods.

Beside the name of Tilden in La Coste's book there stands the mark of doubt—a question (?) mark.

It is as if the Frenchman always says to himself, "How shall I slay this giant?"

It takes just a little bit of the conceit out of me to know that La Coste has no such entry opposite my name. He does not fear me, and he considers that he has a catalogue of my strong and weak points that enables him to meet me on even terms.

And while, of course, he realizes that I have his measure about as thoroughly as he has mine, he does not tremble before me as his question-mark indicates he quakes when preparing to face "Big Bill."

He has my name in his book. I have seen it there on a page by itself, and the page is almost blank. It takes more than one page to tell him what he must do when he stands opposite Tilden. But there is my name, and the total entry reads: "One must drive deep to his backhand and come to the net for a volley."

Thus he has my number and thus he dismisses me.

Besides this scientific study of players and their methods, La Coste has not overlooked other elements of business success in his tennis game. He has studied and practiced how to be calm and cool—and even Norman E. Brookes does not surpass him there. Gentle as he is, he displays on the court the audacity which also characterizes his colleague, Jean Borotra.

His technique is marvelous and he studies consistently and deliberately to improve it. His followers in Europe look upon him as the coming world's champion.

Tennis is his business, but "he loves his work."

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The Unborn

By GEORGE STERLING

Songs to be written, where are you to-day?
Far in the future silence now you lie,
The sunsets of a visionary sky,
The roses of a still untraversed way.
No dream has found you yet, no heart can say
What music shall awake the listener's sigh,
What beauty shall be his ere beauty die,
In years that neither hasten nor delay.

Beyond our time's horizon still you rest,
Unseen, unformed, in that immensity,
Like mist that yet shall be the rain of night
Or those high clouds that often in the west,
When the great sun has gone below the sea,
Lift their colossal tapestries of light.

Realizing on Rainier

The Spirit of Seattle Slumbers not nor Sleeps

By GEORGE MARVIN

THROUGH the Northwest of big trees and bigger truth he who runs may read and hear much of "the Seattle Spirit." In Seattle itself its citizens mention it gravely, seriously, with becoming pride. Everywhere else in the Northwest people speak of it with a smile. Sometimes it is a good-humored smile; other times it is a rueful smile; now and then, as in Tacoma, it is a bitter smile. In the peroration of the blast with which the city's publicity organization seeks to charm streams of conventions, with their thousands and millions of alluvial deposit, to the city's shores and within its gates, occur these words which have been copied verbatim into the uncommercial traveler's handbook:

> Seattle!—a town with a reputation for *putting things over—right!* Home of the far-famed "Seattle Spirit" which has made her *the major metropolis of the great Northwest Empire,* and *largest city of her age in all the world!*

It is this sort of thing that moves a devout Mohammedan, in contemplating the ways of the giaour, to mutter "Allah Akbar!" in his beard, and prompts even some outside Christians of a simpler faith with closed eyes to call upon the name of the Lord!

Seattle "does put things over." No doubt in the world about the ability of Seattlites so to put. Let us freely hand it to them. They have put their port over into the congested class of "the second largest in the United States," though they had to incorporate most of Puget Sound to do it. They have put their city over from democracy into "the major metropolis of the great Northwest Empire" and boosted it into the hugest precocity "in all the world." And they have put "Rainier" over—put it all over Tacoma. Perhaps it would be more geographically accurate to say they had *pulled* it all over Tacoma, because the smaller city lies between Seattle and the mountain and worships it under its own name of "Tacoma" at much closer range. It is an exceedingly beautiful mountain, not so symmetrical as Fuji, but dominating the Washington landscape as the holy mountain of Japan presides over earthquake-smitten Tokyo. Born intaglio out of morning skies or dying back into the gray heaven of evening, it lives as a sign of spirit, unrealizable, as detached as anything could be from selling and Seattle. Nevertheless the "Seattle Spirit" comprehends Rainier as a distinct selling point in its aggressive programme of "putting" or pulling "things over." The realizability of Rainier in concrete terms of sales seems to be the mountain's one usefulness. The help that Scripturally comes from lifting one's eyes unto the hills would seem, on first impressions, to be in Seattle computable exactly in dollars and cents. But it is only fair to a big-hearted and very American, even if self-sold, city to add that these are impressions rather than facts or just conclusions. Judging not, therefore, that we be not judged, let us hand it to Seattle with a good-humored smile. To quote again from the uncommercial traveler's handbook, "But what shall it profit a city if it sell the whole world on itself and lose its own soul?"

The Seattle-ese will answer that question for you easily and glibly and, to themselves, convincingly. They will make your head spin with figures which prove everything they say. They will take you up into high places—at varying tariffs—and show you all the kingdoms of Seattle and the glory of them. And let it be said, even by a long-suffering Uitlander, that these kingdoms make an exceedingly impressive sight. Raising up their voices in the key of New York, though more strident in their blare, the kingdoms of the Puget "empire" conform topographically to the outlines of Manhattan and the environing districts of New Jersey and Long Island. If you let the water-front of Puget Sound correspond roughly to the bay and the Hudson River, then Lake Union and Lake Washington with their linking canals, but far more beautifully, will represent the East and the Harlem Rivers and the western end of Long Island Sound. It's all deep water too. Ships can go alongside the dock anywhere on the long warehouse-front of lakes or sound, and in the fresh waters of the lake docks barnacles drop from the keels of ocean-going freighters as though they had been

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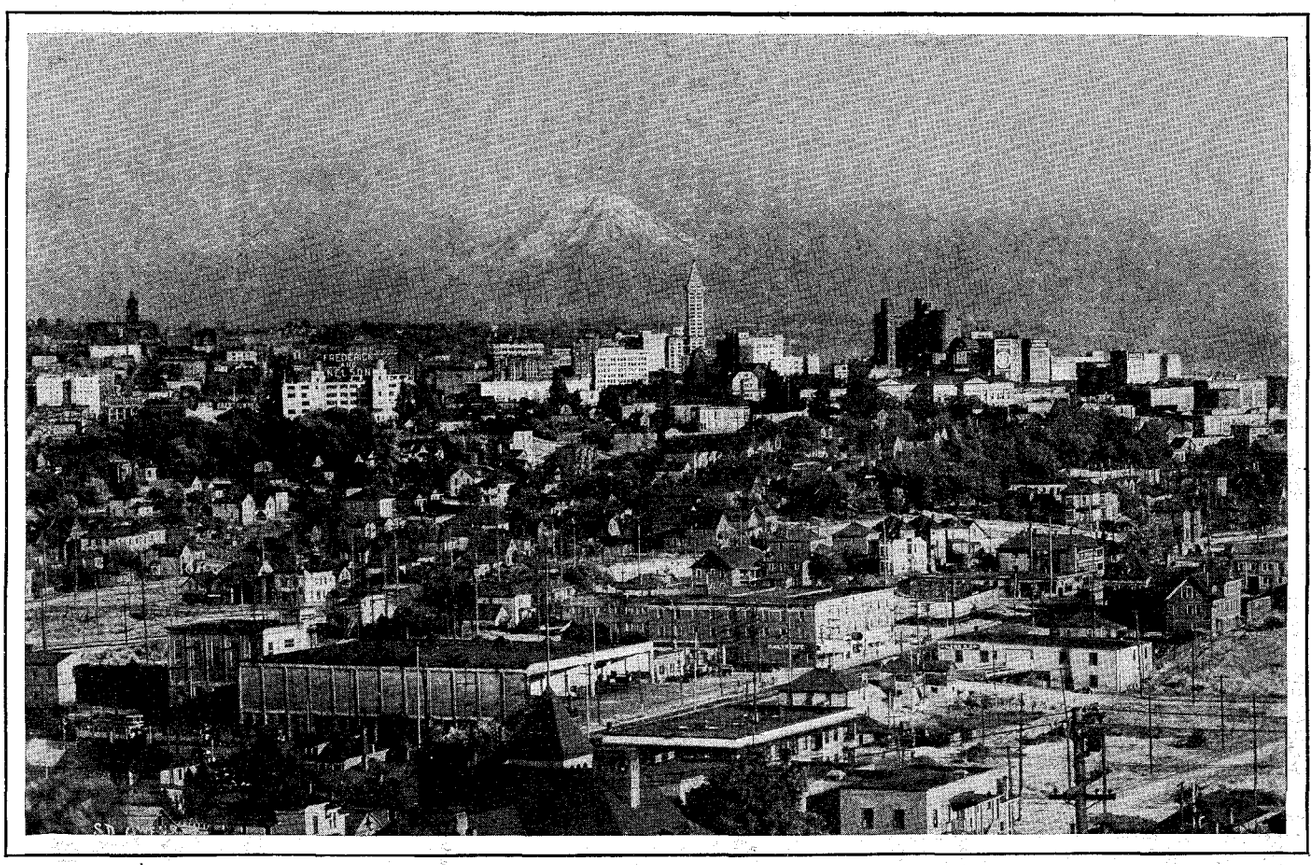

Seattle and the mountain (Rainier) that it "owns"

scraped off. Here too are boroughs of corresponding Kings and Queens, Bronxes, embryo Brooklyns, and little Jersey Cities. At night, with all the interrelated localities shining with myriad starry lights as thick as those in the sky and seemingly as far flung, Seattle looks as Constantinople might if round the Bosphorous and the Golden Horn Stamboul and Galata and Scutari were to be electrified with "the Seattle Spirit."

There is plenty of spirit in Seattle. Trying to keep up with it costs plenty of money.

"In Seattle 'Soak 'em' appears to have taken the place of 'Service,'" says a citizen of Tacoma, heading south to his own bailiwick. In all fairness, however, it ought to be made clear that the Seattlers soak one another just as spiritedly as they soak the stranger within their gates. And, *grâce à Dieu*, they haven't lost their saving grace of humor. They will laugh with you as well as at you. The best of them, while they profit by their much-advertised "Spirit," frankly regret some of its expressions which they are very honest in accounting for.

Sitting in his sanctum, before a desk piled high with "unfinished business," the editor of one of the two big dailies nods assent to the *obiter dicta* of a visiting journalist. "I've got a four-and-a-half-ounce rod for you," he says. "In less than an hour, with that in your hand and a 'brown hackle' tied on your leader, I can put you where you will understand Seattle better. You're right. But, look here; most of us work hard for money to go fishin' with. I came 'way out here from New York and sent East for my wife and kids—why? Not for this office, but for what lies around it; for the streams full of salmon and rainbow trout, for the woods that come right into your back yard. Yes, and for the mountains too; to climb 'em and see 'em and—just be livin' along with 'em. I guess we're scrambling for the dollars all right, but I doubt if you'll find any place in this country where a greater proportion of the money is spent outdoors."

And the associate editor of the other paper, a man who is never called upon in vain to put his shoulder to a public or a civic enterprise involving a degree of service, leans back in his chair and moralizes out through the open window:

"See the Washington Hotel, up the street there? Well, about fifteen or twenty years ago the foundation of it stood where the roof stands now. The site of this office building was then 'way down underground. We had to take our coats off and scrape off these hills to get some place level enough to build on. This city is manufactured out of hard work and hard cash, and it's been built by sweat and spirit. That's what we think of as the 'Seattle Spirit.' It's material, of course, but it's constructive and it's healthy. We have made this city and its enterprises in an incredibly short term of years—sawed out the lumber and quarried out the stone and chucked it together to do business in. And we're doing business in it for all we are worth. Give us time. We're young yet. And say"—the editor leaned forward in his chair so as to scan the roofline eastward. "No, you can't see it now; fog drifts in, and this time of year the air gets thick with smoke from forest fires. But you take a good look at Rainier first chance you get. Better yet, get a car or climb on a train and go up and shake hands with her. It's worth the time. You'll get a better idea of this whole place after you've been up there, take my word for it. You'll understand that no town can go far wrong with mountains like that standing round and looking on."

Jerusalem in its setting of eternal mountains was an inspiration to David. Young cities, like those of ancient civilizations, may thus be fortified. And Seattle, "realizing on Rainier," nevertheless derives from the snow-capped battlements that fortify its spirit a power beyond all profit.

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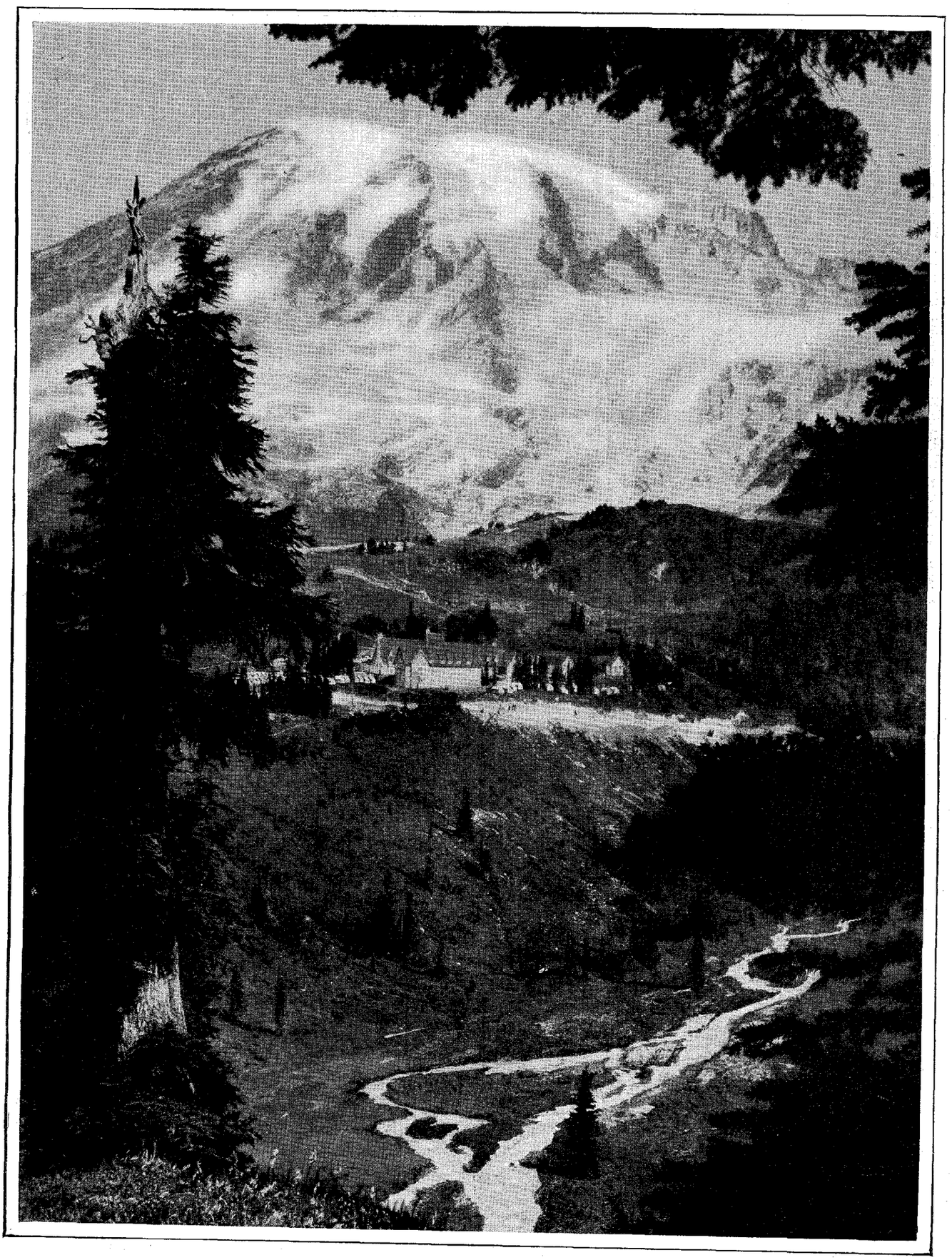

At the foot of The Mountain lies the inn, appropriately named "Paradise"

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The Apache Trail in Sunshine Land

By GEORGE LAMBERT LITTLE

LAST Fall on the Sunset Limited from New Orleans to Los Angeles I met the man who introduced me to the Apache Trail trip of Arizona. And I have never ceased to thank him for his kindness.

Stephen Weston knew the land he loved. To him the awesome peaks, deep-cut canyons, strange cactus growths and ancient cliff-dwellings between Globe and Phœnix were old-time friends. Cowboy—prospector—mining engineer—adventurer—he had covered every inch of this sparkling bit of the golden Southwest many times. "Each time," he said, "I find new beauty on the sunshine stretches of the Apache Trail. A man is blind to romance who fails to take this trip on his way to Los Angeles." To both of which sentiments I now heartily subscribe.

It took little urging on his part to make me decide to go with him. In the meantime he told a tale of the Trail's history as only such a man can tell it.

"Back in the dim, distant past," he began, "back in an age about which scientists know practically nothing, there lived a race of pygmies in the queer little cliff-dwellings that perch on the rocky buttress above the Apache Trail. What they were like—how they lived—we do not know. But of two things we can be certain. They were clever. They were thorough. The fact that they undoubtedly built their tiny homes high in the canyon walls for safety from storm, from flood and gigantic prehistoric beast, proves their sagacity. How fearful must have been the odds they fought against! Yet, with crude, hand-made implements they wrought dwellings that stood the siege of centuries and left them for us to wonder at—mute evidence of the enduring quality of their handiwork.

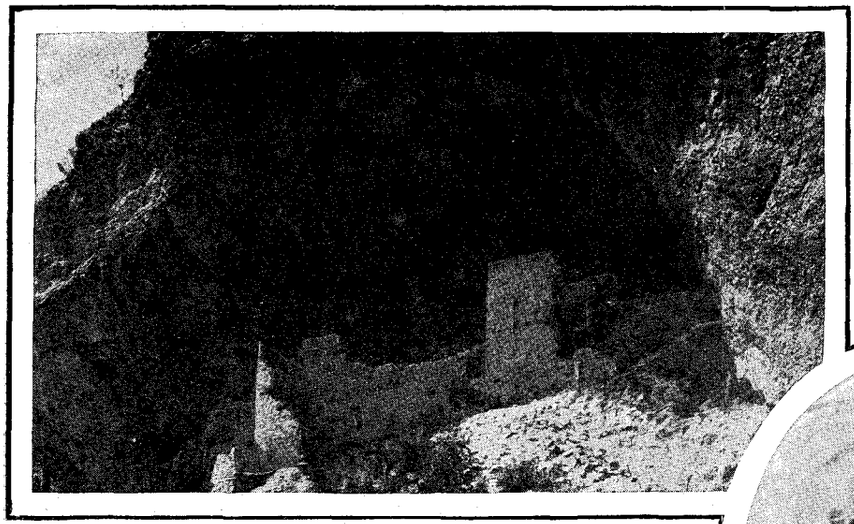
"It is not certain when the tribe that gave the Trail its name first appeared in this territory. But," continued Weston with a grim smile, "I promise you that mighty few of the neighboring tribes and early frontiersmen would deny the existence of the fierce Tonto Apache Indians. The land was theirs by right of conquest and they held it stubbornly against all comers for many years. Not until their great chief Geronimo was captured in 1886 did their bloody massacres cease.

"In the following years a constant procession of brave men swarmed down the Apache Trail. South and west they went—south and west with eager, searching eyes—pathfinders, scouts, frontiersmen in buckskin, blue-clad cavalrymen, and red-shirted miners—men who sought high adventure and their heart's desire." Weston's cigar glowed red—his eyes snapped blue fire above it. Probably he was thinking of those glorious fighting days and wishing he had been there.

"As time went on the number of settlers in this section grew. The need of good irrigation was felt. At last a group of engineers solved the problem. Roosevelt Dam was built to impound the waters of Salt River, Tonto Creek and their tributary streams. While it was under early construction the engineers found that they were unable to move the heavy machinery and building materials necessary for this gigantic task. So they built a broad modern highway from Globe to the site of the projected dam through the very heart of the mountains. It was due to the foresight of these engineers that this road was pushed on further until it became the smooth 120-mile boulevard over which tourists now delight to glide by auto between Globe and Phœnix. And that, sir, is the history of the Apache Trail. The dam, the road are new—but the wild, untouched beauty of this canyon country remains."

His tale was told and our cigars in ashes. We said "good-night." Through the window screens the cool night wind sang us to sleep with a soft lullaby. Then, suddenly, it was a day of sapphire skies and golden sunshine at Globe.

With the rush of crisp, clear desert air in our faces we were whirled away in our comfortable 12-passenger motor car. Over Cemetery Hill and into Apache Land we sped through snake-like canyon walls that shimmered in liquid light with every changing color of the rainbow.



Built ages before the discovery of America—the strange cliff-dwellings of Apache Land

Weaving colorful baskets as only an Indian can

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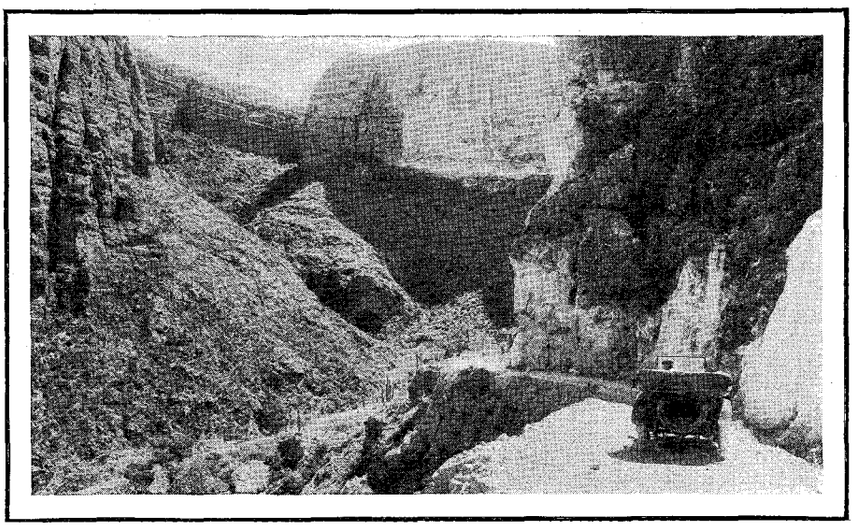


Through the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon where the "Walls of Bronze" rise 2,000 feet above the rushing stream

Eyes began to sparkle—blood to tingle. Life was a glorious fact as we soared up, up on wings to the summit, nearly four thousand feet above the sea. There a wonderland lay spread before us. To one side was the Gila Valley, on the other that of the Salt River. From their depths rose needle-like spires that seemed to tremble in the swimming sunshine. Down further the jagged rocks quivered, now amethyst, now indigo, now emerald green, to blend gradually with the blue-black shadows at their base. "Like a giant goblet filled with shaking lights," said Weston as we gazed and gazed. And then he pointed out Roosevelt Lake in the distance—a little piece of blue sky that had fluttered to earth.

Next we were whisked away to Apache Lodge at Roosevelt Dam, making a rapid but comfortable descent of 2,000 feet in six miles through a succession of whirling rushes down the smooth road. Just before the dam was reached we caught a glimpse of the ancient cliff-dwellings high on the rocky buttress above the Trail. "The next time you take the trip it will pay you to make the detour to these cave houses and get a closer view," said Weston. Believe me, I mean to. The little I saw made me want to see more.

At Apache Lodge we enjoyed a fine luncheon and strolled around the huge Roosevelt Dam—an engineering feat, by the way, that fits in uniquely with the rugged beauty of the surrounding landscape. It can furnish the power plant it operates with 9,380 horse-power and has created an irrigable area of over 230,000 acres below the Salt River.

If the first part of the trip was thrilling, that after we left Apache Lodge was even more so. Down into the wild gorge of Fish Creek Canyon we glided. The "Walls of Bronze" rising 2,000 feet above the rushing stream all but hemmed us in from the sky. Then our car climbed gently up the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to the heights that crown the canyon.

Soon we were gazing awestruck into the dizzy depths of Hell's Canyon. "Bad place for a fellow to fall in," chuckled Weston at my elbow. "Expect he'd have a hard time finding his way out." Then Canyon Diablo, Niggerhead Mountain, Tortilla Rock, Whirlpool Rock and the Little Alps fled by in beautiful, rapid review.

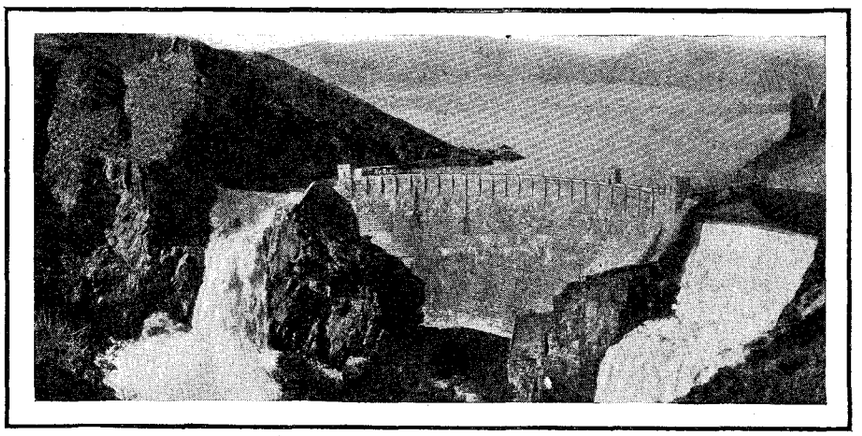
Day was dying gloriously as we emerged from the foothills and swept past weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the range. Like a golden pomegranate the sun slid silently beneath the blue of the enfolding hills. All about us was a smiling land of fertile fields and glowing gardens. Never could there be a better example of the creative impulse of the irrigation from Roosevelt Dam than the green growing plants of Salt River Valley.

The bronzed farmers of the beautiful little towns of Mesa and Tempe were a happy, healthy lot who shouted hearty greetings to us. Then, too, they were gone, and we were slipping through the park-like streets of Phœnix, where we boarded a comfortable Pullman for Los Angeles.

So our happy trip over the Apache Trail ended. The next day Weston and I parted in Los Angeles. But the trip has lived on pleasantly in my mind and a letter just received from Weston has made me determine to put off my desire no longer. I am joining him at New Orleans next month. This time you can be certain that I'm going to take the detour to the cave-dwellings.

So certain am I that you will enjoy this trip that I am giving you all the information at my disposal. And I might add that if you are contemplating a trip to the Southwest or to the Coast this Winter, by all means take in the Apache Trail. It is easily and comfortably reached by the Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific on its "Sunshine all the Way" route to California. Commencing November 2, through Pullman cars are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the east and between Los Angeles and Phœnix on the west. Your through ticket in either direction is honored for the side trip with an additional payment of only $10.00. The Sunset Limited carries a club car with barber shop, shower bath and valet service; an observation car with ladies' lounge, shower bath, maid, manicure and hairdressing service; and there are sleeping cars of the latest type, and excellent diners.

Should you wish further information, you can obtain a very attractive booklet on the Apache Trail and all the facts pertaining to transportation facilities and schedules upon application to the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 35 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



The mighty waters of Roosevelt Dam whose creative impulse is felt in 230,000 fertile acres below the Salt River

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The Happiest Man

By EARL CHRISTMAS

An autobiography of an unconquerable spirit

OUT in Minneapolis there is a man who fought against almost overwhelming odds to get a start in life, worked hard for more than fifty years to make a million and a half dollars, and then gave it away. As soon as he had accumulated the money he arranged to turn it over to the University of Minneapolis for a hospital and home for crippled children. Although he isn't puffed up by any pride over his munificent gift, he says giving away that million and a half makes him the "happiest man in the world."

Why? Well, that's the story. It begins in a little New York town in the 'sixties. William Henry Eustis then was a boy of fifteen, and as rugged and full of life as any youngster in town. Then he was afflicted with tuberculosis of the hip.

Doctors now are able to relieve this disease in many cases without deformity, but the doctors in this little town in those days knew little or nothing of its treatment, and the disease usually ran its tragic course. His father had a large family, and no means to hire specialists even if they had been available.

"For six months I lay helpless, unable even to move," Mr. Eustis recalled. "For five years or so I could do nothing. They couldn't let me read even. All I could do was to lie there in the house and look out the window at the other children playing.

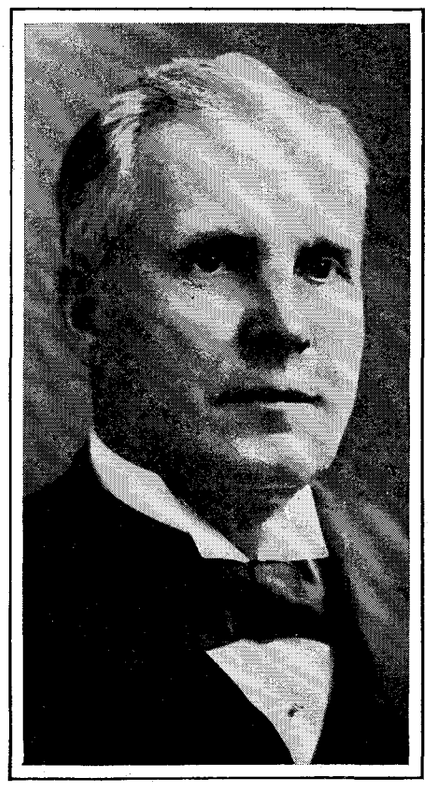
"That was hard to bear; but do you know what was the hardest thing about it all? It was the thought that I might always be dependent upon my father, that I probably never could make my own way in the world. That was the thing that burned into my very soul. I remember sometimes that I'd be taken to visit my grandfather. In spite of all I could do, there would be times when I would have to go out on his porch, where I would be alone, and sit there and cry.

"It was during the Civil War, and all the able-bodied fellows were going away to fight. How I wanted to get into that! Sometimes, in a vain sort of hope, I thought I might be able to do it. I'll never forget once when I said, 'Father, let me go on the next call?'

" 'Yes,' he said, and I can see him yet as the tears began to fall. I knew that he thought I wouldn't be living when the next call came.

"Nobody expected me to live. During the war there was a death in the family. One of my brothers, who was in the army, heard about it indirectly without learning the identity of the one who had died. He wrote home words of condolence, saying, 'Poor Will is at peace at last.'

"I had no medical attention except that a doctor would come occasionally



William Henry Eustis

and lance the affected part and take out pieces of bone. Always I dressed my own wounds.

"Things looked pretty black. Then one day, when I had concluded that things couldn't possibly get worse, I discovered that the other hip was affected. The doctor came and lanced that side and took out some pieces of bone.

"Ah, I remember that day! I said to myself: 'My God, it's no use now! I might as well give up.' I went over and sat down on the window-sill. As I sat there I made up my mind that I would starve myself to death. In my misery, I thought that was the easiest way out."

But the young man did not count on the power of hope to rise even from this despair. When he awoke next morning, the desire to die was gone. Black as things were, he still had a chance, he told himself, and, anyway, he was going to fight it out.

There followed many anxious days, times when he couldn't see anything ahead, but when he hung on, as he explained it to me, to keep from quitting. Only an iron constitution could have withstood the ravages of that disease. Many years later a famous New York physician, examining the traces it left, said, "You have no business to be alive."

Young Eustis didn't know that then—not that it would have made any difference! He hung on, and, probably due to his very persistence, he began to grow a bit stronger. Gradually the disease became less malignant, and then came the fall of 1865—but let Mr. Eustis himself describe the memorable event:

"I took the old sorrel mare, my crutches, and a few clothes, and went down to Gouverneur, New York. I had no money, but was determined some way to get an education. To my great joy, I found that I could get a job teaching penmanship, and thus get started at the seminary. While I was registering a professor at the seminary remarked to another, 'What is that dying boy doing here?'

"But I wasn't to be discouraged now. Soon after I got a place teaching a district school. I was still on my crutches when I taught that first school. It was out in the country, and I boarded around. I had to get up early in the morning and dress my wounds, and then walk to school. But the money I got was compensation enough for all the trials."

Eustis early developed into a mighty active cripple. He would teach a term, and then go to school a term. He learned bookkeeping and telegraphy, and then taught them to select classes, continuing his own education meanwhile. He sold books and he sold insurance.

Meanwhile he resorted to every means he could think of to strengthen his weakened body. The disease itself apparently was disappearing, but an infirmity remained, and he spent hours doing exercises to correct it. Though he was destined always to be a cripple, he was able soon, through exercise and pure will power, to discard the crutches and adopt a cane.

Taking what money he had saved, he entered Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, as a sophomore in 1870. He completed the first three

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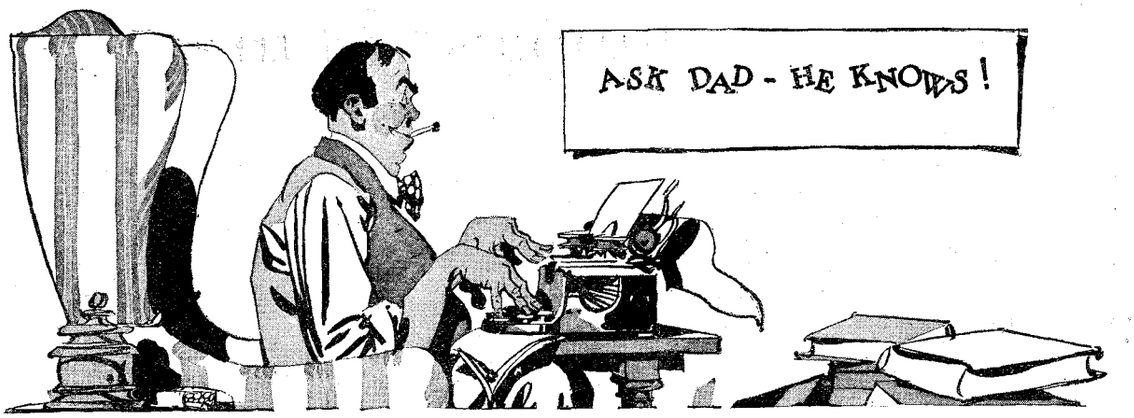
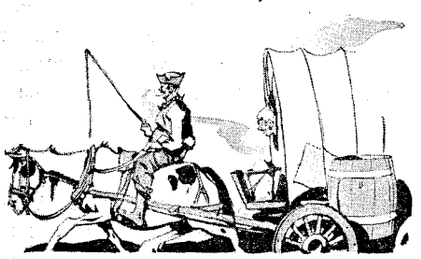


Our Family Tree was a Tobacco Plant

Number 1 of a series of talks on Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

By Irvin S. Cobb

I THINK there must be a whiff of tobacco in my blood. Fact is, I'm sure of it. My great-grandfather, a Vermont Irishman, went South in a wagon after the Revolution and he raised the first tobacco that was raised for export in what is now called The Black Patch of West Kentucky and West Tennessee. Wise old Yank, he cured and



treated the heavy dark weed after crude processes of his own devising, loaded it on keelboats, floated it down the Cumberland to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, where he trans-shipped to sailing vessels and sent his cargoes out to the Gold Coast of Africa to be bartered off for ivory and gold dust. I understand that, dealing with black tribesmen, he rarely got the worst of a deal. For if he was an Irishman, he also was a New Englander. He laid the sills for a substantial fortune.

His son, my grandfather, was a planter, a factor, a re-handler of tobacco; and on the side a merchant and a banker and a steam-boatman. His small fleet of stern-wheelers, manned by crews of his slaves and mostly captained by his own kinsmen, carried tobacco of his growing and his neighbors' growing to the city markets of the Southwest.

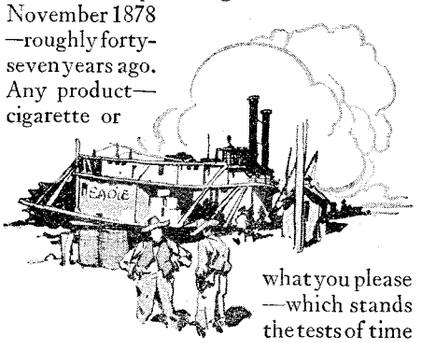
For his day he was a rich man until the Civil War came along and smashed him up. For he had bought Confederate bonds and had financed a battery of Confederate artillery.

His son, my father, followed in the footsteps of his people. He was a warehouseman. Later he was a buyer for foreign governments and for domestic contractors too. He was accounted one of the best judges of types and grades in the district. He smoked incessantly and he chewed frequently.

His son, meaning me, grew up with the smell of tobacco leaf in his young nose, with the jargon of its business in his ears. We lived on a tobacco street in a tobacco town. There was a stemmery on the corner above us, a snuff factory and a cigar-maker's shop down the road and a whole row of warehouses farther along. In the season, the fat hogsheads blocked the narrow sidewalks. I absorbed the romance of the industry—for it is one of the most romantic of industries—along with my hot biscuits and New Orleans molasses. In four generations, I was the first of the first-born males of my breed to stray from the ancestral pathway.

And now, in a way of speaking, I'm back again in the family line. I have taken on the job of doing a series of signed advertisements of which this is the introductory one. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.

From time to time in this space, I'm going to write about Sweet Caporal Cigarettes. The first cigarette I ever smoked was a Sweet Caporal. That must be all of thirty-five years ago. Even that far back Sweet Caporals had been on the market a good long while. Commercially speaking, the Sweet Caporal Cigarette was born in November 1878 —roughly forty-seven years ago. Any product—cigarette or



what you please —which stands the tests of time and competition and shifting popular taste for nearly half a century and holds its own and steadily grows in favor is bound to have merits. It just naturally has to have 'em. It shall be my task to try to explain a few facts about these merits.

Thank you.

Irvin S. Cobb

P. S. *I write one of these articles every once in a while. Watch for the next.*

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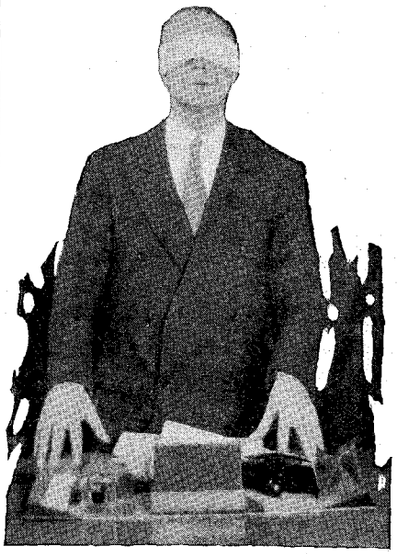

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years of the college course in two years. He worked and he studied for all he was worth, but, in spite of all that he could do, along in November of the third year, when he was a senior, his funds gave out.

Eustis sat down and began to take stock. He wanted to be a lawyer, and to reach his goal he had yet before him the senior year at Wesleyan and a two-year course at Columbia Law School. There was no time to lose. Whereupon he decided upon a bold step.

He told the Wesleyan authorities that he would go out and replenish his fortunes by selling insurance, and then come back in the spring and take his examinations. Then he borrowed $1,000, went to New York, and enrolled as a freshman in the Columbia Law School. During the year he kept up the work in the Law School, did the senior work in Wesleyan College, and in between times sold insurance. He was going to make that $1,000 go as far as he could.

Now Wesleyan had a rule that no student could take work for a degree while enrolled in another institution. Eustis knew about that rule, but he simply had to gain that extra year. Consider that, if you will, in the light of modern student escapades—a student breaking the rule to carry courses in two universities at the same time!

But the Faculty at Wesleyan in some way heard what Eustis was doing, and when he came back to take his examinations confronted him with the knowledge of his terrible offense. Only when Eustis told the professors how much that extra year meant did they relent and allow him to proceed with his examinations. Even then he was reprimanded before the student body, and the other students were warned against such escapades. His professor solemnly advised him not to carry such sharp practices out into his profession.

Eustis passed the examinations at Wesleyan with flying colors, won a prize or two, and graduated with his class in June, 1873.

The next year he began the last lap of his long struggle for an education, taking up the senior work at the Columbia Law School. To make part of his expenses he got a job teaching in a New York grammar school. In June, 1874, he was graduated. To complete the four-year college course and the two-year law course he had taken just four years.

Now he had that $1,000 to pay off. He got a position teaching both night and day, and by the end of the year the debt had been paid and he was ready to start off on his career as a lawyer, with $15 in his pocket and a new suit of clothes as his only material assets.

The opportunity already had come. John R. Putnam, an able lawyer of Saratoga Springs, who had been attracted by the way Eustis worked his way through school, had offered him a partnership upon graduation, and this association proved both pleasant and profitable.

The clouds were beginning to scatter. Six years later Eustis had saved up $10,000 and enough to pay his expenses on a trip to Europe. When he returned from his trip in 1881, he came West and decided to locate in Minneapolis.

He invested that $10,000 in property in Minneapolis and began the practice of law, increasing his investments as he made more money. For more than forty years now he has taken an active part in business and civic affairs of the city. He was Mayor of Minneapolis in 1893 and 1894, and in 1898 was the Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota, but was defeated by John Lind, whose Swedish descent proved a big drawing card with the Scandinavian voters. In these forty years of activity he has won the honor and respect of his fellow-men, considerable property, and most of the other rewards that come to the successful man.

Handicapped? In one way, yes. All his life while engaged with seemingly tireless energies in big enterprises he has had to contend with infirmity of body. Yet, significantly enough, as we sat there in his office talking that afternoon the crutches, which in recent years have replaced his cane, stood in a corner forgotten.

Here he was, still active and alert at eighty years—and the neighbors used to shake their heads sadly about him and say, "Poor boy, he can't live long!" He had outlasted nearly all his classmates, and, still filled with the zest of living, was talking of this new enterprise, which was to be his biggest achievement.

The office in which we sat was well up to the top of the building, and from it one could look out over the city. Mr. Eustis put up that building. Across the street stands another large office building. He owned that, too, and a few blocks away in the heart of the business district there is another valuable corner that had his name registered as its owner. He had just parted with them all—as a gift.

He looked out of the window, and I couldn't help contrasting the scene with the picture of the boy at the window of that little New York home sixty-five years before. I may be wrong, but I think that his mind went back for a mo-

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ment to some of those early days and the struggles associated with them. He was the first to break the silence.

"It might have been worse," he said. No bitterness, no complaint. "I haven't any kick coming. If I had been well, I probably would have gone into the Union Army and got killed."

Then he laughed, and came back to the present with its office buildings and the crowded streets down below. He was happy. Not from any sense of security he might feel in looking down from his eminence, not because of any personal vanity or pride in his accomplishment. As for that, he says: "Anybody can do it. If you think you can, you can." But there was another reason.

"Many years ago I decided that I would do something for crippled children if I ever could get enough money to make it worth while," he said. "I wanted them to have a real chance. You have seen them, little fellows who can hardly hope to be anything in life unless some one helps.

"I wanted to give them an opportunity the same as other children. I wanted them to have a better chance than I had.

"I worked hard and saved my money. While adding a little to the amount from year to year, I looked forward to the day when I could put it to work for them. I was afraid the dream never would come true; but now it has, and I feel that I have accomplished the mission of my life. The hospital, I hope, will go on for all time giving crippled children a chance.

"After all, there is no human service superior to that of helping those who cannot help in return, and I am glad that I can do this bit to help in the work."

Did William Henry Eustis regret to part with that million and a half? He didn't hesitate a minute—less, he told me, than he might have thought about hiring a taxicab when a street car would do. It was part of the big plan, the culmination of a lifelong ambition.

As a site for the hospital Mr. Eustis purchased a beautiful wooded tract on the banks of the Mississippi in the outskirts of Minneapolis and but a stone's throw from Minnehaha Falls. Of this he gave 21 acres to the city of Minneapolis for a site for the Michael J. Dowling School, a school for the crippled children of that city. The other forty-four acres he deeded to the University of Minnesota, as part of the $1,500,000 endowment for the hospital and home for crippled children, all to be held in trust.

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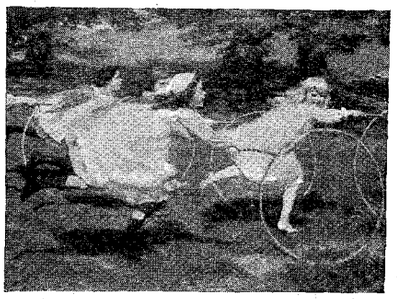

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in the world for the treatment of crippled children. Dr. W. J. Mayo has given assurance that the Mayo Foundation and the famous Mayo Clinic will give their help. Minneapolis school officials and the University are co-operating in the development of a complete plant for the education and care of crippled children. The dream is taking form.

Carrying out his plans, Mr. Eustis recently deeded the last of his real estate holdings to the University, but he didn't quit there. He continued to manage the two office buildings for the benefit of the trust fund without financial consideration. Giving his property wasn't enough. He has given his services along with it and is devoting all his energies to nurturing the growth of that fund. The income from it this year will be $100,000. Next year it will be $125,000. Enough money will be available, he plans, so that the hospital and home can be maintained without cost to the public.

Mr. Eustis has given the money and the property to the University outright. No strings are attached. He even refused to allow the hospital to bear his name, believing that it would serve its purpose better in the name of the State. In selecting the University rather than private trustees to administer the trust he feels the assurance that the University, standing for the best in the State and having the finest medical skill, always will use the fund in the best way for the crippled children. "For all time," he says.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Is Free Verse Poetry?

A Review by CLARA BELLINGER GREEN

IT should be a matter of regret to Amy Lowell's friends that her exhaustive and scholarly biography of Keats does not stand as her last literary work. Her book of poems, "What's O'Clock,"[1] comes as something of an anti-climax; nor can it be said to add greatly to her degree as a poet. Strangely enough, considering her heritage of intellect and culture, with a name which, as she herself says, "honors all who bear it," her verse speaks, not to the intellect, but to the senses. Her audience of imagists like and emulate it, but whoever takes up the book to read a good poem finds himself groping about for the thought, and, having discovered it, mixed up with highly colored pigments, is quite likely to find it trivial. He is lucky, too, if he is not surprised by profanity and some vulgarity. True, he may open to the humorous "View of Teignmouth in Devonshire," and enjoy a rainy day there with Keats, or to the fluently told "Tomb Valley," or he may read the rhymed story of "Evelyn Ray," a quaint, well-constructed tale which would have been wholly artistic had she related her story, propounded her problem, and left it with the reader, instead of solving it herself. But Amy Lowell's admirers must concede that she rarely knows when to stop. "Evelyn Ray" is not free verse, it is true, but Miss Lowell has contracted the free-verse habit which ambles along indefinitely (naturally, being, as often as not, without feet) and drops off, to all seeming, when it gets tired, not infrequently on its feeblest line.

In the poem "The Sisters" Miss Lowell enumerates three outstanding women poets—Sappho, Mrs. Browning, and Emily Dickinson. She is minded to add a fourth, Amy Lowell. "We are one family," she writes; but a wave of humility stays her hand. "How extraordinarily unlike each is to me," she confesses; "vastly unlike, that's for certain." Still she hopes the judgment of posterity may be otherwise:

> I cannot write like you. . . .
> I only hope that possibly some day
> Some other woman with an itch for writing
> May turn to me as I have turned to you.

The much-lauded "Lilacs," which we are told Amy Lowell accounted her best work—and we take her word for it—certainly has the making of a beautiful poem. Unfortunately, she chose free verse for her medium, and so was at liberty to ramble on according to her wont, as her thoughts occurred to her, now and then lapsing into a flat-footed gait, then reining herself up into something like musical meter, and ending, as usual, on an inconsequent line. The art of working an idea up to a strong climax is not Amy Lowell's. She merely stops.

There is much defining of poetry today. The essence of poetry, whether

[1] "What's O'Clock." By Amy Lowell. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.25.

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metrical or free verse, should be the same; it is the form of it which is our present concern. Is free verse poetry? To us, free verse could be defined as notes for a possible poem awaiting a moment of inspiration. Amy Lowell defined free verse as cadenced verse. Obviously, it should be cadenced. But much prose—the best prose—is also cadenced. Now, if free verse is cadenced and prose is cadenced, we may say that free verse is prose. Write it out as prose, says Amy Lowell's "In a Powder Closet," and it will be seen that it *is* prose. Write metrical verse as prose, and it still remains metrical verse. Writing it as prose does not make it prose, any more than writing prose as verse makes it verse.

This is what St. Loe Strachey says of Keats: "He was fully aware that when he cultivated sound and harmony he was cultivating the thing which would most surely drive the arrow of his thought home and which would wing his words." Does not this define poetry? Its words must have wings. Poetry has winged feet.

Let us apply this test to the free verse of Amy Lowell. We find her a rich, sensuous nature, a book woman, steeped in literature, exotic, abnormal, sometimes preposterous—she wrote at night—extravagant in her use of color. But do her words have wings?

Imagery, originality, imagination, fervor, color—all these and more it may have, but if the winged feet are wanting it is not poetry.

Fiction

THE SCARLET COCKEREL. By C. M. Sublette. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.

In 1923 died C. B. Hawes, of whose historical romances the Atlantic Monthly Press thought so highly that it offered as a sort of memorial a $2,000 prize for "a tale of adventure of the same general character and excellence" as the highly successful novels of the departed. This is the tale, of which the publishers think so highly that the reader will be able to guess pretty well what kind of work that famous book of the late C. B. Hawes was. It is a costume novel, "a tale wherein is set down a record of the strange and exceptional adventures of Blaise de Breault and Martin Belcastel in the New World, as members of an expedition sent out by the great Coligny." The impoverished French nobleman adventuring in the American wilds is a favorite theme with the historical romancers, as witness a recent tale called "La Roux," with an early Canadian setting. "The Scarlet Cockerel" is a story of the struggles of the French Huguenots for foothold in the Carolinas against

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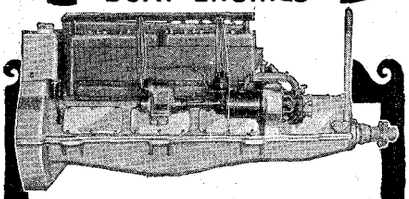

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the machinations of the Papists at home and the armed protest of the Spaniards who held Florida. The usual lovely damsel, French and noble, is among those present, with a fine fat villain; and there is a suitable amount of sword-play and chicane for those who like the game as played by the rules. What publishers and readers of the costume romance want is not anything fresh and novel, but "another of the same"—of the same general character as other books in this line which have sold well in the past. "The Scarlet Cockerel" fills the bill.

POWER. By Arthur Stringer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Chicago. $2.

The fictitious life story of an old-time railway man who, beginning as a roundhouse boy, became the head of a great railway system. He was rough and ready, "a pioneer, a fighter, a builder, a climber." The type is not uncommon in American constructive industry; but the author has made his seeker for power strongly individual and convincing.

THE MONARCH. By Pierre Mille. Translated by Faith Chipperfield. Greenberg, New York. $2.

Of the quaint Provençal nicknamed the Monarch because of his supreme belief in himself one of his admirers remarks: "He's not only Tartarin, that chap, he's Don Quixote." If Mr. Mille should succeed Anatole France in the Academy, as is possible, it will probably be because of this one character. The Monarch's exploits grow out of his fantastic self-confidence; that is, if he tells a big lie, he sticks to it until it becomes true. The humor is a bit coarse at times, but there is much of the spirit of Daudet in its appeal.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

"The Tale of Genji" is the first volume, complete in itself, of a translation of the "Genji Monogatari" of Murasaki Shikibu, which will presumably not stretch to its original's length of fifty-four books. This record of the amorous philanderings of the Emperor's favorite son is set forth with a fastidious taste and demure humor oddly joined to the gusto of an eleventh-century Aphra Behn. More amusing to a modern public than to Murasaki's high-born readers in the year 1000 is the necessity under which her characters labor of immediately and appropriately capping quotations, no matter how tense the moment or the situation.

Drama

TOO MUCH MONEY. Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

One cannot take Mr. Zangwill too seriously as a playwright. He has written some diverting comedies, marred by

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will appease these keen appetites and also provide considerable nutrition.

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a pernicious tendency to pun; he has at times tried to be profoundly far-seeing, mixing thereto a strain of sentiment which has stretched credulity, as, for instance in "The Melting Pot" and "The Next Religion." Such pleasantries as "Merely Mary Ann" have been vehicles only for acting of a light character, that carries no further than the three hours' traffic of the stage.

"Too Much Money," called a farcical comedy, is a slow farce and a mild comedy. Mr. Zangwill says that he took relief from the war by writing this bit of fun, this "irresistible horse-play," so Mr. Archer is quoted as having said. This is the sort of drama that many of our minor playwrights could have done better; in fact, Miss Claire Kummer in her "A Successful Calamity" treated a somewhat similar theme with lightness and grace. The thing about Mr. Zangwill is that the reader does not know when his moods shift, when his sympathies change. He likes to poke fun, and he does so unremittingly in the first act of "Too Much Money." The younger generation, the "new" everything, come in for their share of critical doubt; but not with that reasonable approach that Galsworthy takes in "The White Monkey." If the rich couple go from luxury to penury, from high life to low life—through the cunning of the husband, who pretends to lose his untold fortune—there is an element of something more than farce in the scenes that follow. It does not strike the careful reader that Mr. Zangwill gives his play much thought; that his shifts of mood, his shifts of position, are consistent. Brilliant acting might overcome such defects. But the play does not hold up beneath the cold examination of print. It fails to be true comedy, it fails to be true farce; it fails, so Mr. Zangwill inadvertently suggests in his "Author's Note," to be a true comedy of manners.

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Essays and Criticisms

THE MUSE IN COUNCIL. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Herein John Drinkwater, M.A., doctor in the University of Athens, assembles five essays bearing on poetry in theory and practice, with thrice as many papers on poets past and present. His appreciations are like most appreciations, pleasant enough to read and of various degrees of communicable enthusiasm; and some of his pronouncements are sufficiently inciting to stimulate the reader to active agreement or disagreement. Says Mr. Drinkwater, "I cannot conceive of any clear thinker about the matter holding that expression is not communication." Even so, it is a fact that expression is not necessarily communication, and in that fact lies the explanation of the total failure of much sincere but misdirected artistic effort. Seeking self-expression, the young writer, painter, or sculptor often makes use of symbols that are purely personal—perfectly intelligible to himself but to no one else. Thus he achieves expression, self-expression, but not communication, for communication requires the use of accepted or self-explanatory symbols, understood by others. This is the cause of many honest artistic aberrations, through which the artist expresses himself to himself, but communicates nothing to a blind, unappreciative world.

Combating the notion that unusual phrases are essential to poetical expression, Mr. Drinkwater says, very properly: "It is as fine a thing for the poet to call the sky blue because he is profoundly aware of its blueness, as it is weak of him to call it so because he has heard some one else doing so and he cannot think of anything else to say."

Also Mr. Drinkwater appears to have grasped at least one of the basic principles of criticism as practiced. On the jacket of the book appears a list of his dramas with the indorsement, "'Among the finest of modern historical plays.'—Heywood Broun." And within, on page 250, we meet the casual remark, "A critic like Mr. Heywood Broun can always distinguish between being entertaining and being tiresomely bright."

Travel and Description

A GIPSY OF THE HORN. By Rex Clements. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

In "A Gipsy of the Horn" Mr. Clements gives a detailed account of a voyage in a sailing vessel that lasts about sixteen months and takes him from London to Australia and around Cape Horn. Mr. Clements describes the ship's company, the food they eat, the lime juice served out as a preventive of scurvy, and the chanteys with which the men give expression to their musical feelings. There is also an account of the capture of a shark and the cutting up of the meat into steaks. The ship seems to have been commanded by a captain of the

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old-fashioned deep-sea type, and the author is deeply impressed by the skill and coolness with which he manages the vessel during storms. The first harbor reached is Port Adelaide, after a voyage of ninety-seven days, and here the men go ashore. Mr. Clements is surprised to find the town far different from anything that he had imagined, but very much like the cities he has seen in his native England. The colonials whom he meets also impress him as very much like his fellow-countrymen. Far more interesting are the islands of the South Pacific which lie remote from the usual track. On the west coast of South America the ship stops at Callao, the port of Lima, and there the author is, to quote his own words, impressed "by the amazing politeness of everybody"—Spaniards, Negroes, Indians, and every possible combination of the three. Other ports are visited, including Santa Rosa, Peru, and here he rejoices in the picturesqueness of the life, the charm of the women, and the cordiality of every one toward strangers. A fairly interesting sea yarn Mr. Clements has told, but it is not likely to replace Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" as a classic of the ocean.

Science

THE MEDICAL FOLLIES. By Morris Fishbein, M.D. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

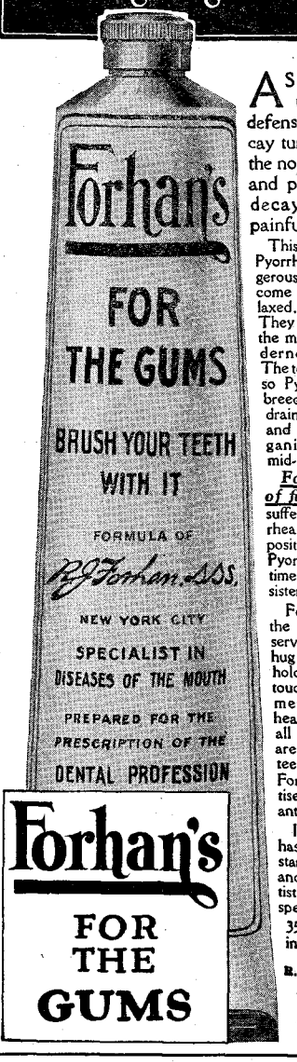
One of the first of our humorous medical authors was Woods Hutchinson—a later and more voluminous Holmes. Dr. Fishbein, editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," is a worthy follower. He is witty and sound and useful as he flays the fakers. He talks about all the lovely foolish fads that delight the newspapers and their credulous readers; about rejuvenation and birth control and chiropractic and osteopathy and many another thing. His book is good fun. He is especially amusing as he writes about the "big muscle boys"—the physical culture teachers, who love to be photographed all lumpy muscle and wearing a leopard skin and a ferocious pompadour.

Miscellaneous

PERSEUS; OR, OF DRAGONS. By H. F. Scott Stokes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

This little book is one of a series. They are chiefly named after classical personages, and are quite serious—all about science, and sociology, the future of women, and the other heavy subjects, such as would probably form the subject of conversation on a picnic party consisting, say, of an editor of the "New Republic," Dr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Miss Ruth Hale, Miss Rebecca West, and other intellectual lights or glowworms. Somehow, Mr. Scott Stokes, the author of this book,

Watch your gums—bleeding a sign of trouble



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The Editors of The Outlook
120 East 16th Street, New York City

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was invited, and he chose to talk upon the hopelessly useless and altogether fascinating topic of *dragons*. All about their origin, birth, and death; what their insides are good for; where dragons came from; how they act; and what you had better do if you meet one. There isn't an atom of self-improvement in the book; no word of woman's future; nothing about the wage scale in Lancashire or Oregon. And, for our part—our own shameless part—we are content to let all the lofty domes talk as they will under the elms. We will step aside with Mr. Scott Stokes, and learn about dragons.

Notes on New Books

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE VIRGIN BIRTH. By Orville E. Crain. The Abingdon Press, New York. 50c.

A review of the history of this ancient controversy.

SOBRIETY. By Edgar Cole. The Meroduk Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.

The author intimates that Washington won the battle of Trenton because his men were sober and the enemy had been weakened by alcohol. Mr. Cole's intentions are doubtless better than his knowledge of history.

THE CHURCH'S PROGRAM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Herbert Carleton Mayer. The Century Company, New York. $2.

"A text-book of adolescent religious education in the local church."

THE CYNIC'S CYCLOPÆDIA. Little Brown & Co., Boston. $1.

Six hundred and fifty attempts to concoct a good epigram.

PROTEUS; OR, THE FUTURE OF INTELLIGENCE. By Vernon Lee. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A critic of art and literature considers a new theory of intelligence.

THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Dorothy Mills. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

An introduction to the history of Greece.

RACE OR NATION. By Gino Speranza. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

The rivalry between loyalty to the race and to the American Nation.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT. By Leon H. Vincent. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

The biography of Bishop Vincent, with references to the origins of Chautauqua.

THE FRESHMAN GIRL. By Kate W. Jameson and Frank C. Lockwood. D. C. Heath & Co., New York.

A guide to college life for girls.

AURILLY, THE VIRGIN ISLE. By Charles W. Garrett. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

This book is described by the publishers as an advance study in organic and cosmic evolution presented through an unusual and absorbing sea story of high rank. Far be it from us to contradict them.

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

Essays on travel and on politics by the former Prime Minister of Great Britain. He is an admirable observer and a true lover of nature.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN ROMAN BRITAIN. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

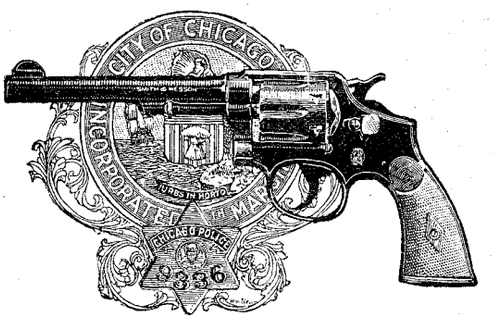
The Romans lived longer in Britain than Europeans have lived in America, and this is a well-illustrated account of their life.

THE TANGRAM BOOK. By F. Gregory Hartswick. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.50.

A story illustrated with colored designs formed by triangles and squares. A word with you privately—we have not read the story.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas James Norton. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A commentary on the provisions of the Constitution.



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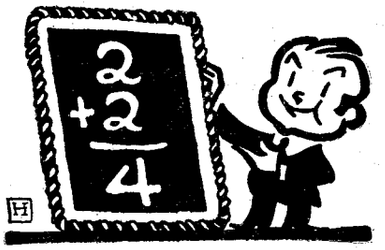

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NOTE: A *Situations Wanted* section is provided for those seeking connections. The rate is the same.

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120 East 16th Street **New York**

By the Way

ABOUT fifty of our readers very kindly responded to our plea for the answer to the Palmerston riddle, published in the August 19 issue, thereby showing themselves possessed of a keen knowledge of the Bible and a nimble mind. The answer seems to be the image that Michal, the wife of David, put in his bed in order to deceive his enemies who were coming to kill him. Together with the solution many people sent in other Biblical riddles which they desired to have solved. Here is one from Miss Frances Hastings, of Rochester. Can anybody guess it?

A SCRIPTURE PUZZLE

Find two words of equal length,
Equal in syllabic strength;
Find them once and look no more,
Vain the search in Bible lore.
There we see them sundered wide,
Elsewhere often side by side;
Twice three letters each contains.
Think not of time's earliest stages,
Pore not o'er New Testament pages.
On the intervening ground
Both dissyllables are found.
Common things the words denote,
Things not seldom sold and bought;
Bought and sold for sacred use,
Both exposed to much abuse.
One is little, one is great;
Each has served both Church and State;
Though the great includes the small,
Power does not to greatness fall.
One the body, one the heart;
Neither found to act apart;
First in point of time, the great
Still must for the other wait.
One for many, one for few;
Plain and ornate, old and new;
Cheap and costly, foul and fair,
Fondly sought and shunned with care.
One for men alone to use,
One designed for all who choose.
Children of a tender age,
Dullest boor and wisest sage;
Helpful both and influential,
They are not to man essential.
While we pray they many abound,
Ready substitutes are found.
Now the Bible bids us prize them,
Holds them guilty who despise them;
Now for earth's advantage given,
They will not be found in heaven.
Such the words in mystery pent,
Such the things they represent;
Those who know their Bible best
Soon will make successful quest.

Here is an exercise in punctuation. All those who have been reading Mr. Lawrence Abbott's articles on English grammar to the fore:

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails on each hand.
Five and twenty on hands and feet,
This is true without deceit.

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Rolls and Discs

By Lawrence Jacob Abbott

SEVERAL times in the past our monthly collection of records has contained what we might have called an "imposing array" of worthwhile selections. But now we realize that at the time we had no conception of the extent to which an "imposing array" might reach. This month brings a staggering list of new records. Another catalogue of the Columbia Masterworks Series has been issued, and in it are some thirty-odd additions to the collection—most of them major works, such as symphonies, sonatas, quartettes, and orchestral suites. Incidentally, all of these recordings were made in England. It seems that England's thirst for the highest forms of music on the phonograph has been greater than America's, and accordingly the British cousins of our own phonograph companies have brought out highly interesting and meritorious recordings of fine music. And now the American Columbia Company has imported by the wholesale matrices from the British Columbia Company and has presented the American public with a really astounding collection of the best music.

Among the recordings are symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; orchestral works by Richard Strauss, Gustav Holst—to say nothing of Papa Bach; and much chamber music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Franck, and Ravel. It is a delight simply to thumb over the pages of the catalogue. The Columbia Company is to be congratulated on making a brave move. Unfortunately, the list is so great that it is impossible to comment on all the records adequately in this month's column. So a few will be reviewed now, and more later.

Phonograph Records

CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR TWO VIOLINS (Bach). Played by Arthur Catterall and John S. Bridge, with orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. In five parts, on three records. Columbia.

One of the most popular as well as beautiful of Bach's compositions, this concerto flows along from start to finish with noble and majestic dignity. Its second movement, very similar in mood to the famous Handel Largo, could be profitably substituted on many programmes for that greatly overplayed composition, and not lose a speck of its freshness. The whole concerto seems to sail in a sea of melody in which each of the solo violins vies with the other for supremacy. In the performance of Messrs. Catterall and Bridge there is a whole-hearted enthusiasm. The orchestra is kept very much in the background, but that is probably necessary to avoid a confusion of sound that would obscure the solo instruments. On the reverse of the last record the extra space is utilized by the celebrated aria from the Overture in D. This is often heard in transcription as the "Air for G String," but is here played by Sir Hamilton Harty and orchestra as originally written.

SUITE IN B MINOR FOR FLUTE AND STRINGS (Bach). Played by Robert Murcie and orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. In four parts, on two records. Columbia.

In certain ways this suite outdoes the D Minor Concerto. Some of the dances are full of life and movement; others, like the "Sarabande," are sheer loveliness. One advantage for the phonograph of a suite is that each part is completed on a single record face. There is no sudden pause in the middle of a movement, as is the disturbing fact in a symphony recording. The strings are excellent in reproduction; the flute is a little overpowered. Mr. Murcie is at his best in the rapid and cheerful "Badinerie" which closes the suite.

CHACONNE FOR VIOLA ONLY (Bach). Played by Lionel Tertis. In four parts, on two records. Columbia.

There is something at least unusual in a lengthy composition for a melodic instrument with no accompaniment. As it happens, there is more than novelty in this particular example of an obsolete dance form. A large portion is composed of figures which are repeated and developed. But there is melody, too. The viola covers a wide range, giving itself a chance to exhibit its full warmth of tone. In some double-stopped passages there is all the sonority of the harmonizings of a Tuskegee quartette.

BENI MORA—ORIENTAL SUITE (Gustav Holst). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gustav Holst. In four parts, on two records. Columbia.

An interesting expression of Oriental atmosphere, with rich prismatic effects and exotic, dissonant harmonies. Mr. Holst has a strong sense of the dramatic. In the "Street of the Ouled Nails" he builds a complexity of themes one upon the other, as in imitation of the conflicting sounds of street activity. The effect is not soothing to the ears, but delightfully stimulating.

SYMPHONY NO. 5, in C Minor (Beethoven). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Felix Weingartner. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

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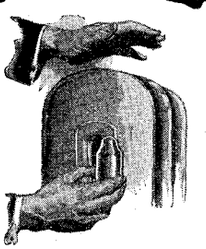

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most grandiose of Beethoven's symphonies. Even such things as repeats are taken into account. The symphony is conducted with admirable contrasts—especially the second movement. Its chief weakness is in reproduction. The famous double-bass passage in the scherzo, instead of being played with powerful elephantine zest, sounds timidly thin and remote. From the first we were aware of a disappointed feeling that the tone of the orchestra did not come out as fully, clearly, and colorfully as it should. And Beethoven's Fifth, even when conducted by Weingartner, loses much effectiveness when it lacks a full majestic power of tone.

IN THE VILLAGE (Ippolitow-Iwanow); **PRINCE IGOR—Polovetzki Dance** (Borodin). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor.

It becomes more and more surprising what the phonograph can do in orchestral recording. In the delicate scoring of "In the Village" the deeper stringed instruments as well as oboe and violins sound almost too vividly real. Right in back of that dark slotted opening in the phonograph out of which the sound comes, the orchestra breathes—alive. In both these Russian numbers it has a chance to show itself off to advantage, with Eastern melodies, crisp rhythms, and weird touches.

PIRATE SONG (Stevenson-Gilbert); **CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY** (Masefield-Taylor). Sung by Reinald Werrenrath. Victor.

Two rousing good tunes, especially Deems Taylor's setting of John Masefield's "Captain Stratton's Fancy." The latter is far from commonplace. The words get lost in the shuffle, which is a pity, for the whole character of the song depends upon the telling of the goodly narrative.

Piano Rolls

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We cannot refrain from placing first among the piano rolls a setting of this gay little country-dance tune which must be familiar to almost everybody. It is the one to which the would-be humorists sing "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." In Sowerby's piano arrangement it is put through elaborate paces. The result is a piece of genuine beauty. There is an atmosphere of charm altogether strange for this over-familiar little reel that has emerged from many a rustic fiddle or accordion.

SYMPHONY NO. 5—First and second movements (Tchaikowsky). Played by Albert Stoessel. Duo-Art.

PIQUE DAME OVERTURE (von Suppé). Played by Milton Suskind and Julius Buerger; conducted by Artur Bodanzky. Ampico.

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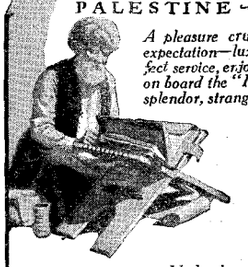

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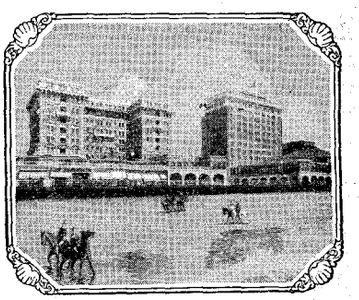

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Contributors' Gallery

VINCENT RICHARDS has been for two years a member of the United States team in the Davis Cup matches. In 1924 he won the Olympic Tennis Championship and with William Tilden 2d has held the National Doubles Championship. He is noteworthy for his good sportsmanship in a game where good sportsmanship is taken for granted.

EARL CHRISTMAS was born in Kansas, and grew up on an Oklahoma farm. He was graduated from the University of Oklahoma and later took a course in journalism at the University of Missouri. Following graduation he traveled over most of the Middle West, and eventually settled in St. Paul, where he has since been engaged in journalism.

GEORGE STERLING has for many years made his home on the Pacific coast. He is the author of some ten volumes of poetry. He is one of the most distinguished lyricists of America.

IN this issue George Marvin dares to wonder if go-getting is the chief end of man.

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